

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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Is this a sports car?

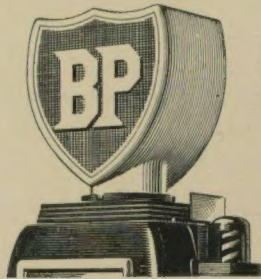
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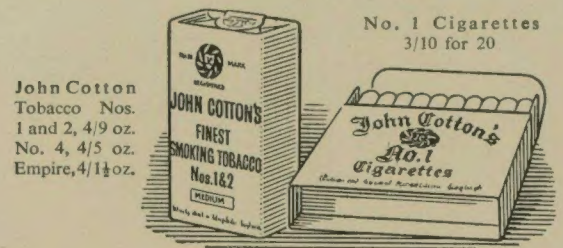


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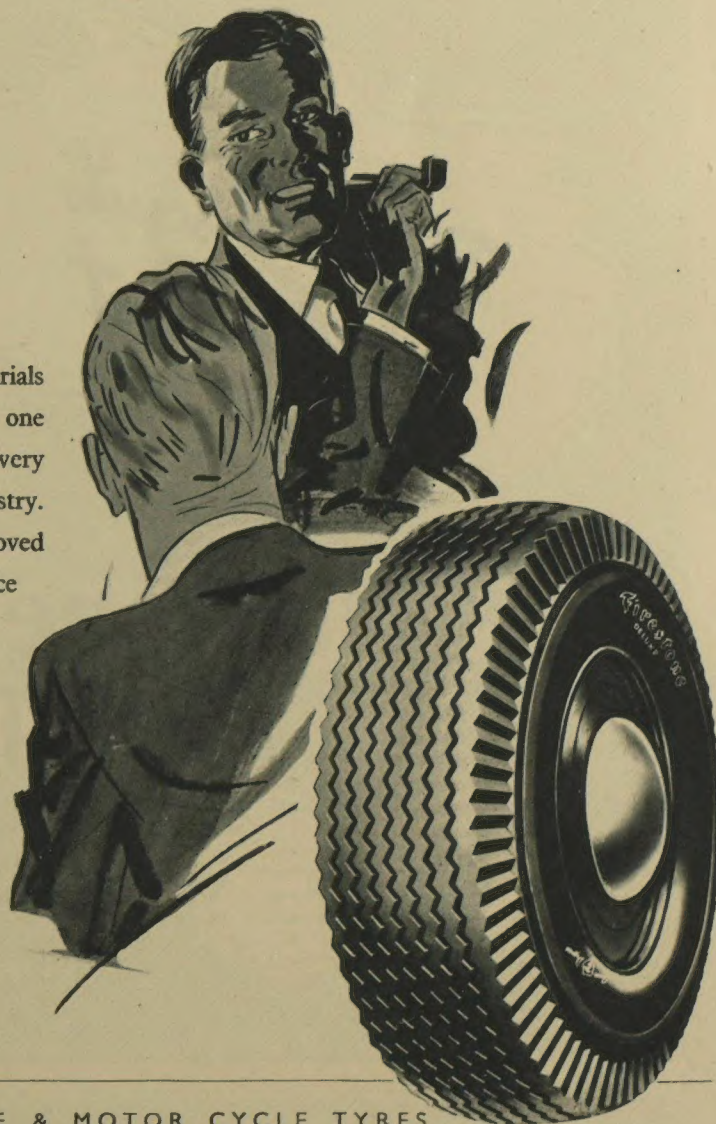
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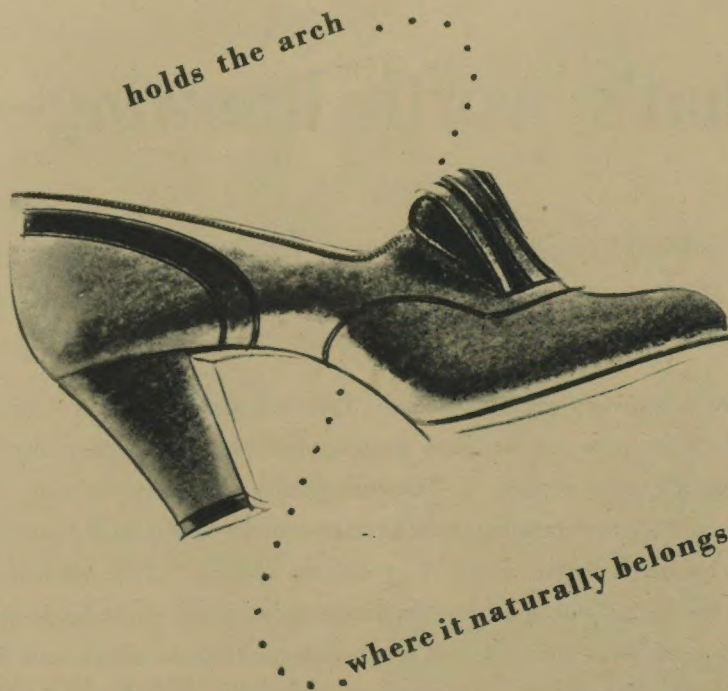
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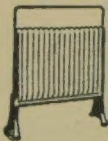


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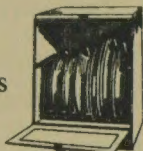
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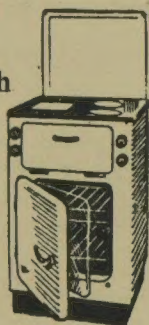
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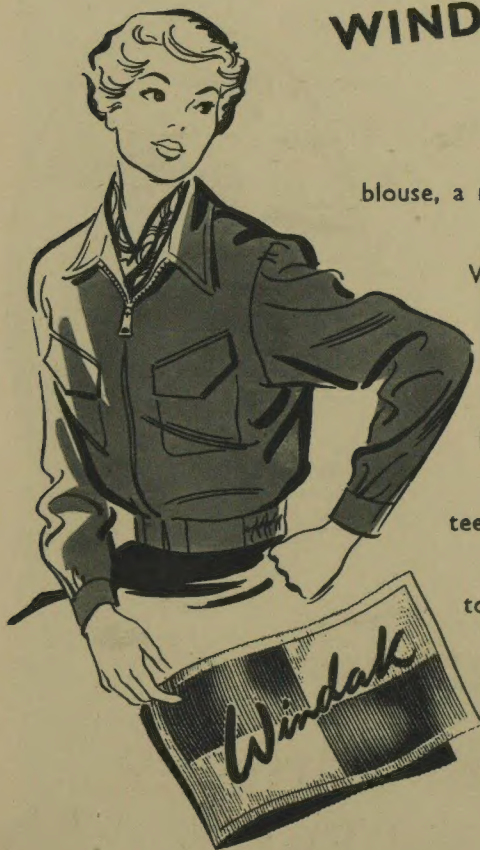
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have a distinction and quality that are incomparable.

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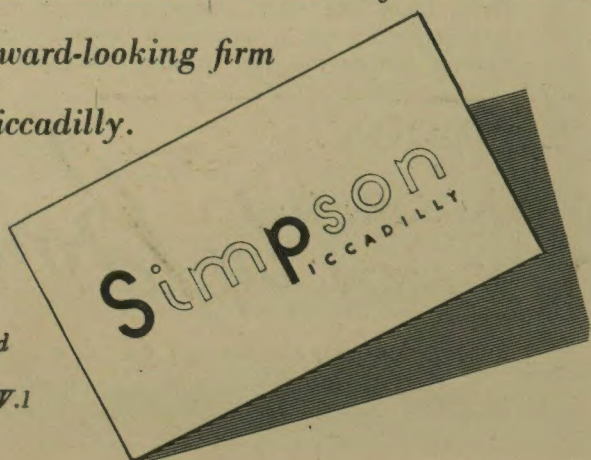
SILVRO MANUFACTURING CO. LTD., LONDON, N.16





Picture by courtesy of The New Yorker

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1951.



CARVED FROM A SINGLE BLOCK OF GLASS BY ROMAN CRAFTSMEN OF CONSTANTINE'S TIME: A FILIGREE DISPLAY—  
GLASS OF FIRST-RATE IMPORTANCE DISCOVERED IN EXCAVATIONS NEAR TRIER.

In later pages we report more fully the extensive excavations and discoveries at and near Trier, which have been made possible by the Allied bombing of the town in 1944. Here we show what is probably the greatest single treasure found in the excavations to date. It was discovered in a vast Roman stone sarcophagus with a skeleton and a coin which securely dated it to late Constantine

times (early fourth century A.D.). The glass and its filigree network are carved from a single block of glass and the network is connected to the main body by thin columns of glass. It is  $7\frac{1}{4}$  ins. high and its greatest diameter is  $5\frac{1}{4}$  ins. There are only at most a dozen comparable examples in the world. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Rhenish County Museum, Trier.)



**BOMBS AS ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXCAVATORS:  
AMAZING DISCOVERIES — FILIGREE GLASS,  
A CRYPTIC MOSAIC AND OTHER LIGHT ON  
CONSTANTINE'S EMPIRE DISCLOSED AT ROMAN  
TRIER AMONG THE RUBBLE OF MODERN  
AERIAL BOMBARDMENT.**

During Von Rundstedt's offensive in the Ardennes in 1944-45, Trier, Germany's oldest city and one of Europe's most ancient, was a vital German supply centre, and came in for heavy bombing by the U.S. Air Force. As a result of the severe damage done, however, certain archaeological excavations have become possible (as at Palestrina, in Italy) and, although with very slight funds at their disposal, Dr. Kempf, archaeologist of the Bishopric of Trier, and Dr. Eiden, director of the Rhenish County Museum, Trier, have made a number of discoveries of first-rate importance; and it is from Dr. Eiden's notes that the following account is compiled.

**T**RIER (Augusta Treverorum) was founded by the Emperor Augustus about 14 B.C., and during the fourth century A.D. was a Roman Imperial residence. From Trier the western part of the Empire was governed, its sphere of dominion at times stretching from Scotland in the north to Gibraltar in the south. Next to Rome it was the Early Christian metropolis, and it is from this blend of political and religious importance that its significance as a birthplace of Western culture arises. Many of its remains were destroyed in the war, but that destruction has brought to light much that it would otherwise have been impossible to uncover. For example, the Basilica

(Continued below, centre.)

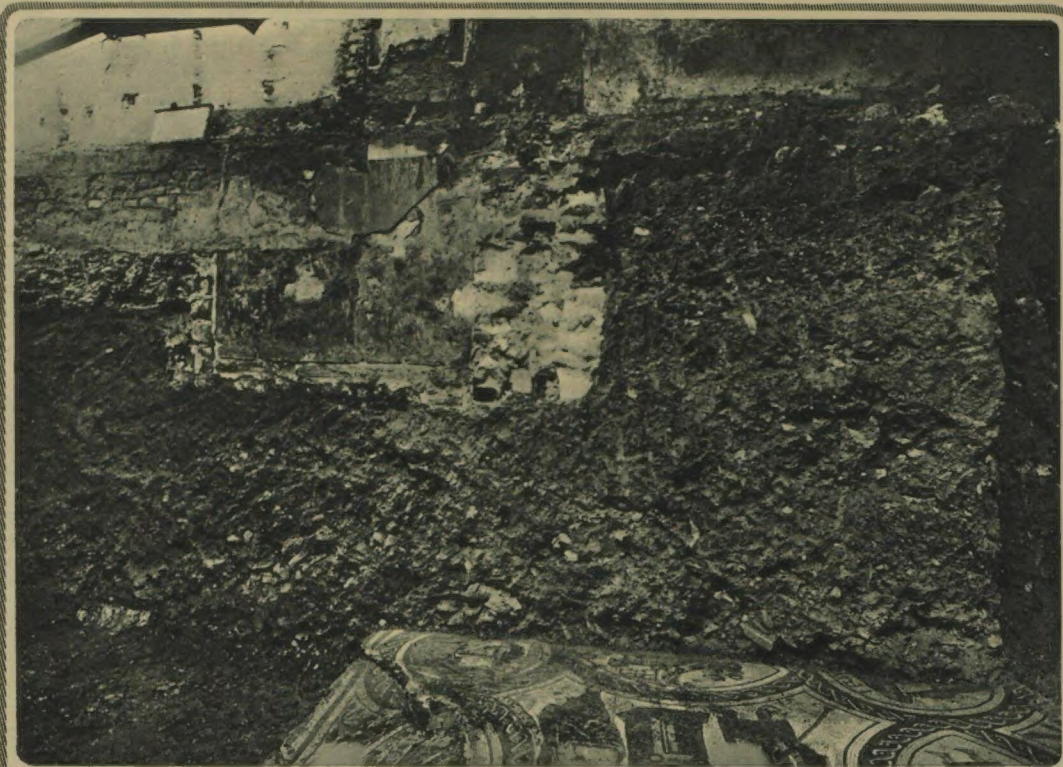


FIG. 1. DURING EXCAVATIONS IN THE TRIER CORN MARKET, RENDERED NECESSARY BY BOMB DAMAGE, A LARGE FOURTH-CENTURY ROMAN MOSAIC (13 BY 23 FT.) WAS DISCOVERED 13 FT. BELOW GROUND-LEVEL. (SEE ALSO FIGS. 2, 4 AND 7.)



FIGS. 2-4. DETAILS OF THE TRIER MOSAIC. FIGS. 2 AND 4 SHOW SERVANTS, FELIX CARRYING A FISH ON A PLATTER, "ELEN" (PERHAPS HELENA) DANCING. FIG. 3 SHOWS THE TRIPLE BIRTH OF CASTOR, POLLUX AND HELEN FROM THE EGG (ON THE ALTAR) WITH (ABOVE) JUPITER, HERE IN THE FORM OF AN EAGLE AND CALLED IOBIS, AND, RIGHT, THEIR MOTHER LEDA (LYDA). LEFT STANDS AGAMEMNON, PRESUMABLY A MISTAKE FOR TYNDAREUS, THE DECEIVED HUSBAND OF LEDA. PROBABLY OF THE FOURTH CENTURY A.D.

(Continued.)

has for the last century been used as a church. It was gutted in 1944 and much research work and excavation have been done and it has been established that it was the throne-room of Constantine the Great and his successors in the fourth century (Fig. 6). The Cloister of St. Irmina, by the Moselle, was previously thought to have been a mediæval building, but severe aerial bombardment has revealed walls of late Roman origin (Fig. 5), and the whole original ground plan has been laid bare. The extensive building complex constitutes a hitherto unknown type of granary and store for

(Continued opposite.)



FIG. 6. THE INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA OF TRIER, NOW REVEALED TO HAVE BEEN THE THRONE-ROOM OF CONSTANTINE.



FIG. 5. THE CLOISTER OF ST. IRMINA, WITH THE RIVER MOSELLE IN THE BACKGROUND. PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT A MEDIÆVAL BUILDING AND NOW REVEALED AS A ROMAN STOREHOUSE.

(Figs. 2-6 reproduced by Courtesy of the Rhenish County Museum, Trier.)





FIG. 7. THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED TRIER MOSAIC. THE SUBJECTS ARE OF MIXED CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN ORIGIN AND, AS THE DATE IS ABOUT THE FOURTH CENTURY A.D., IT THROWS MUCH LIGHT ON THE CULTURE OF A ROMAN CAPITAL CITY.

*Continued.* supplying the local population and the Roman Rhine Army. Its effective area is about 6,000 square yards. Meanwhile, in the course of clearing ruins and excavating for the foundations of a new building in the Corn Market, a well-preserved mosaic was discovered (Figs. 2-4 and 7). It contains many lively figures, including the triplet birth of Castor, Pollux and Helen from Leda's egg. Its mythology is somewhat faulty and, as in some of the not wholly reconstructed pictures there is also a wealth of Christian material, the mosaic by its juxtaposition of pagan concepts and Christian ideas constitutes a cultural-historical document of peculiar interest, particularly as it was made in a Roman capital at a time when the Empire was becoming officially Christian. Its date may well be that of the late Latin poet Ausonius (A.D. 310-395) whose poem on the Moselle is still

extant. In the autumn of 1950, at the wine-making centre of Niederemmel, not far from Trier, a very large stone Roman sarcophagus was discovered, during the digging of foundations, and within this sarcophagus was found a skeleton, a fourth-century Roman coin, and the extraordinary filigree glass which we illustrate on our frontispiece. Glasses of this kind are extremely rare, not more than a dozen being known, this one being in remarkably good condition and of extremely ingenious construction. These discoveries in Trier and its neighbourhood have emphasised the richness in Roman remains and it is hoped to extend the excavations, but the cost of such work, together with that of reconstruction, is far beyond the financial means of the district, and it is hoped that it may be undertaken by one of the great foundations.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NEARLY all prolonged controversies between human beings become far more complicated than they at first appear. This is because, when examined, they will nearly always be found to consist of more than one matter of dispute. The stronger the feelings aroused, the more numerous and varied will be the arguments involved and the more difficult, therefore, any question of solution. The original cause of contention is often in such cases almost completely forgotten. A dispute over the duty payable on a cargo of tea becomes in the course of a few years or even months a struggle of human tempers, wits and, ultimately, of arms involving issues that go to the very root of human social relationships and national identities. The American Declaration of Independence is now seen, indeed, as a great milestone in the political evolution of humanity. Yet at the time it was written and first enunciated it was merely a partisan statement—and a very angry and embittered one—in a row between gentlemen on one side of the Atlantic who felt they had a right to impose taxes to pay for costly services recently rendered and gentlemen of common blood and allegiance on the other side of the Atlantic who felt, English-wise, that they were being asked to pay too much for what they had received. This led rapidly yet almost imperceptibly, in the inflamed state of tempers of the distant participants, to a deafening argument about, first a variety of other differences between them, some of very long-standing, then of the fundamental principles of taxation, then of the fundamental principles of self-government, and finally of the fundamental principles of political association. The echoes of that tremendous dispute have scarcely ceased to resound after nearly 200 years.

The inflammation of tempers over the disappearance of the Stone of Scone and the very natural and proper attempt of the forces of Law and Order to track down and punish the offenders and recover the Stone is on, as yet, a comparatively small scale, an example of this perilous tendency. The original dispute between those angered by the matter is whether two or three of the King's subjects, who allegedly and apparently feloniously removed from a sacred edifice on the night of the most sacred festival of the year a ponderous object of no physical but of immense sentimental value, involving a gross insult both to the Crown and Church, are, when discovered, to be arrested and punished for the crimes of theft and sacrilege

which they would appear to have committed. If this was all there was to it, and to a literal, unimaginative, law-abiding English mind it is difficult at first to think of it as anything else, there would scarcely seem—the alleged crime once reported and denounced—enough matter for public interest in it, let alone feeling, to fill a paragraph in a daily newspaper. Yet, from the ominous sounds of muttering and skirling now proceeding from the other side of an ancient, mellow-friended but once-hostile northern border, it would appear that there is a good deal more to it than that. From the simple question of whether a handful of Scottish zealots have a right to remove public property from a public building without suffering the ordinary legal penalties for doing so, we appear to be in danger of advancing to a dispute as to whether Scots men and women owe any allegiance to the forces controlled by a joint English and Scottish Parliament of two-and-a-half centuries of joint existence. Ridiculous as this may seem to a sober Englishman residing in the City of Westminster or the parish of Little Witteringe-by-the-Pump, it does not seem in the least ridiculous to an ardent young Scottish patriot studying law in the University of Glasgow or the principles of Rugby football in that of Aberdeen. And that being so, before national tempers are further and needlessly aroused, it might be wise to stop and consider about exactly what we are disputing.

At this stage I should perhaps make a confession. Mine is the common and unimaginative kind of English mind that makes young Scotsmen of proper patriotic feelings despair, in hopeless rage, of the English. I am the merest Sassenach. Sometimes, in my base ignorance and lack of decent feeling, I even slip unthinkingly into the appalling solecism of using the word "England" where I should use that of "Britain." I have a vague idea, born partly of inadequate school teaching and partly of the music hall, that haggis is boiled bagpipes, that kilts are a comic substitute for trousers, that Jews of the highest commercial acumen invariably starve in Aberdeen,

and that Flora MacDonald, or it may have been Bonnie Prince Charlie, once threw the caber so far that it fell into an old lady's girdle-case in Inverness and has never been seen since.

I believe that the offices of Prime Minister, Governor of the Bank of England, Archbishop of Canterbury and Director-General of the B.B.C. are usually filled by men of Scottish descent and that "the finest prospect that a Scotsman ever sees is the high road that leads him to London." In short, I belong to the great, stupid English majority for whom Scottish feeling and Scottish patriotism begin and end, at best, with Harry Lauder: not that even the stolidest, stupidest Sassenach would wish to belittle the gay, indomitable genius of that great and gallant minstrel of the loves and joys of a noble race. But of my fog-like, demi-insularity and benighted Englishry in all matters appertaining to Scotland there can be no doubt. I once even suggested in public, probably wrongly, that the Royal Scots were not the oldest Regiment in the British Army, and if I were ever to be found within the precincts of Edinburgh Castle I fear, that but for the forbearance and courtesy of that proud corps' Colonel, I should suffer a fate that would make a Border Baron blench!

Yet even I, without a drop of Scots blood in my veins, have known at times what it is to feel the glory and genius of Scotland fanning my spirit. I have stood in the grey streets of St. Andrews and sensed the ghosts of the gallantest race of fighters and scholars on earth brushing my unworthy sleeve with their friendliness; I have experienced the magic of undying genius that still, after 120 years, pervades the lovely countryside round

Abbotsford like some sweet-scented, luminous cloud; I have looked out from the Lord Provost's window on the hills and roof-tops of Edinburgh, the proudest, fairest city of all the Christian Gothic North; I have heard a son of Scotland read out in his glorious native Doric by his own fireside the miracle of homely human comprehension in words that we call "Tam o'Shanter's Holiday." I have even crossed swords with a beloved Scottish friend and maintained the controversy, in Scottish fashion, by refusing to yield a point of what I believed to be right and he to be wrong, so that our swords will presumably remain crossed in ungrudging, unrelenting combat until death divides us for ever and so ends the controversy. I do

not wish to see England and Scotland in quarrel over a piece of red sandstone, however sacred, and, if I am little afraid of the innate love of dogmatism and of a fiery crusade in Scottish minds and hearts, I am even more afraid of the lack of imagination and stubborn insistence on the letter of the law that distinguishes my own countrymen when they are swayed, not by their great hearts—their noblest attribute—but by their rather plodding, earthbound minds. Laws are made to serve the peaceful ends of social man and of societies, not to inflame and embitter human and political relationships. "It is not what a lawyer tells me I may do," said Burke on the eve of a greater controversy in which Englishmen were involved with their kinsmen, "but what humanity, reason and justice tell me I ought to do." A sensible forbearance and magnanimity by Englishmen and their law officers over this, to an Englishman, rather bewildering freak of a chafed Scottish spirit, will not harm England or cause an orgy of sacrilege and robbery to break out all over the King's dominions. If a section of the Scottish people like to regard as heroes the ardent fanatics who removed the Stone on such, to an Englishman, unhappy occasion, nothing we can say or do will prevent it. Let us not, at least, be so foolish as to make martyrs of them. And if the Scottish people, or any considerable section of them, wish the Stone to reside in Scotland except when it is being used for the crowning of our common King, then, if the King of England who is also King of Scotland graciously gives it as his pleasure and authority that this should be so, he would be, I think, a very stupid Englishman who would object. We do not worship stocks and stones in either Christian England or Christian Scotland, and the only virtue of the Stone of Scone is its place in the hearts of Scotsmen and Englishmen. And if any Englishman can look honestly into his and claim that this ancient and rugged piece of rock means as much to him as it apparently means to many of his Scottish cousins, his heart must be strangely different to mine.



AFTER PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 1ST AND 2ND BATTALIONS, COLDSTREAM GUARDS, AT WINDSOR: H.M. THE KING, ACCOMPANIED BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CHARLES, TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST.

As Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, the King, on April 3, presented new Colours to the 1st and 2nd Battalions of The Coldstream Guards. The ceremony took place at Windsor, on the golf course below the East Terrace of the Castle. The Chaplain-General to the Forces, Canon F. L. Hughes, assisted by the Rev. R. W. Fitz-Patrick, Chaplain to the Brigade of Guards, dedicated the new Colours. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the two battalions marched past the King, who took the salute. Before the battalions marched off, Prince Charles was allowed out of his perambulator. Holding the Queen's hand, he watched the King taking the salute.





PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, DARTMOUTH: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS INSPECTING CADETS AT DIVISIONS. SHE TOOK THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST.



PASSING THE FIGUREHEAD OF THE 1820-69 BRITANNIA ON THE JETTY: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, FOLLOWED BY THE CAPTAIN OF THE COLLEGE, CAPTAIN N. V. DICKINSON.



THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO CADETS BY THE ROYAL VISITOR: PRINCESS MARGARET PRESENTING THE KING'S TELESCOPE AWARDED TO CHIEF CADET, CAPTAIN R. F. P. CARNE.

H.R.H. Princess Margaret spent the whole day on April 2 at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. She first inspected the cadets at divisions, and stood with the Captain of the College, Captain N. V. Dickinson, to take the salute at the march-past. She then distributed prizes from the quarterdeck. She presented the King's Telescopes (which have now taken the place of the King's Dirks) to Chief Cadet Captains R. F. P. Carne and J. M. Bolam. In the afternoon her

## PRINCESS MARGARET'S VISIT TO DARTMOUTH: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE NAVAL COLLEGE.



ON HER WAY TO VISIT THE EX-M.T.B. 630, THE SEA RANGERS' TRAINING-SHIP IN WHICH SHE AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH SPENT A WEEK IN 1946: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.



DANCING WITH CADET MAY: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET AT ONE OF THE TWO COLLEGE DANCES WHICH SHE ATTENDED AT DARTMOUTH.

Royal Highness spent an hour and a half in the ex-M.T.B. 630, the Sea Rangers' Training Ship. She was greeted by Miss S. G. Clarke, Sea Ranger Commissioner for England, who was commanding officer on board the ex-M.T.B. 630 in 1946 when the Princesses were on board. In the evening the Royal visitor attended two college dances, first the junior dance and then the passing-out dance of the senior form. Her hosts were three seventeen-year-old cadets.





A BURST OF FIRE HAS "PUT UP" AN AMBUSH OF COMMUNIST TROOPS, WHO HAVE BEEN HIDING IN THE PADDIES, AND ARE NOW FORCED INTO ACTION.



IN THE SWAMPS AND DELTAS OF COCHIN-CHINA, ALMOST ANY ACTION AGAINST THE REBELS IS AN AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION AND REQUIRES EQUIPMENT LIKE THIS.



WHERE VIETMINH REBELS HAVE OCCUPIED FARMS OR VILLAGES ON THE EDGE OF THE TONGKING DELTA, MINOR ASSAULTS ARE CALLED FOR TO DISLODGE THEM.



HERE COMMUNIST TROOPS, ABOUT TO SET FIRE TO A VILLAGE, ARE CAUGHT IN THE ACT BY THE ARRIVAL OF A FRENCH ARMoured-CAR PATROL.



VIETNAM TROOPS, HERE SEEN IN ONE OF THE INNUMERABLE SMALL LANDING OPERATIONS WHICH CHARACTERISE MUCH OF THE STRUGGLE IN INDO-CHINA.



AN ECHO OF THE 1914-1918 WAR: A TRENCH AND DUG-OUT SYSTEM GUARDING THE TONGKING DELTA AND MANNED BY VIETNAM TROOPS.



NEWS FROM HOME: DURING A BRIEF RESPITE IN A TOUGH CAMPAIGN, THE POST ARRIVES, BY PARACHUTE, FOR FRENCH TROOPS IN INDO-CHINA.



A YOUNG VIETNAM SOLDIER RECEIVING A DECORATION FROM GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY.

#### THE WAR AGAINST COMMUNISM IN INDO-CHINA: FRENCH AND VIETNAM TROOPS IN VIVID FRONT-LINE PICTURES.

Although of recent weeks public attention as regards Indo-China has been focused on the operations in the north, around Tongking and the Red River delta, the physical nature of much of Indo-China is such that, with its deltas, swamps and jungles, it provides ideal country for guerilla operations, and the pictures on this

page cover not only the open warfare of the north, but also the ceaseless minor operations against the rebels as far south as Cochin-China. As our pictures show, the French have recently done much to train and inspire the native Vietnam troops, on whom will eventually devolve the defence of their native country.





A VIVID EPITOME OF THE CEASELESS STRUGGLE AGAINST COMMUNISM IN INDO-CHINA: THROUGH A HOUSE-WALL LOOPHOLE  
A FRENCH SOLDIER COVERS A VIETNAM COMRADE WHO IS ROUNDING-UP A REBEL PRISONER.

In Indo-China, since the beginning of the year, reinforcements of men and material and the new spirit infused by the new Commander-in-Chief, General de Lattre de Tassigny, have done much to improve the situation, and a strong defensive position around the Red River delta in Tongking had been built up. The Communist Vietminh forces meanwhile had been building up for an attack in this area, and on March 30 this offensive opened near Dongtrieu and lasted

about thirty-six hours. It was fought to a standstill, and some Vietnam troops distinguished themselves in its course. On April 1 another enemy attack was launched some 75 miles farther west, near the confluence of the Red and Black Rivers, and at the date of writing the French and Vietnam troops were holding fast. Time is an important factor for the enemy, as the rains in May are likely to prevent large-scale operations and permit the consolidation of French strength.



## A POLITICAL PRISONER OF THE U.S.S.R.

"INVITATION TO MOSCOW"; By Z. STYPULKOWSKI. With a preface by H. R. TREVOR-ROPER.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The centre illustration on this page is not reproduced from the book.



MR. ZBIGNIEW STYPULKOWSKI, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE, PHOTOGRAPHED IN LONDON IN 1950.

Mr. Stypulski was born in Warsaw on March 26, 1904. In 1920 he joined the Polish Army and fought against the Bolshevik invasion. In 1930 he was elected to the *Sejm* (Parliament), of which he was a member until 1935. As a barrister he took part in many famous political trials in Poland. In 1939 Mr. Stypulski rejoined the Polish Army, was taken prisoner by the Red Army and deported to Russia; he was later handed over to the Germans, but succeeded in obtaining his release; and in 1944 took part in the Warsaw Rising. In 1945 he was kidnapped by the Russians, imprisoned and tried in Moscow. He was finally released and later escaped from Poland and reached London. Photograph by the B.B.C. reproduced from the book "Invitation to Moscow," by Courtesy of the publishers, Thames and Hudson.

THE title of Mr. Stypulski's book applies only to its second and smaller "half." After the defeat of the prolonged, heroic and dreadful Warsaw Rising, and the Russian entrance into the City, so swiftly (and so tardily) after the collapse, he, with fifteen other leaders of the Polish Underground Forces, was invited to lunch with Marshal Zhukov, in order that the government of Liberated Poland should be dis-

had become a Member of the Polish Parliament, as what we should call a Liberal, and a prominent barrister. He rejoined the Army when war broke out, was captured by the Russians (at that time allied to the Germans and engaged with them in one more Partition of Poland) and, in conditions of great hardship, carted into captivity. There were bright moments: "One day we were informed that we could write letters home. What joy! For the first time we could let our dear ones know we were still alive. Two letter-boxes were hung outside the huts and before evening were completely filled with notes scribbled on old scraps of paper. These were among our most treasured possessions, since paper was quite unobtainable in the camp. Our joy was short-lived: in the morning we discovered that the Soviet soldiers had broken open the boxes and stolen the mail in order to get paper to make cigarettes!" After a short time "the Soviets agreed with Hitler to give up all Polish P.S.O.W. who came from west of the Ribbentrop-Molotov demarcation line, and the Germans had to return all who came from east of this line. The Russians detained all officers, educated persons, policemen, railway and post-office workers"—thousands of the officers were reserved for the massacre at Katyn, and Mr. Stypulski was fortunate in getting through the sieve. He was fortunate, again, in getting out of

world will try to obtain Russia's help in the struggle in the Far East [he couldn't know that the Atom Bomb would render that quite unnecessary] and will be inclined to make further concessions for this. Later they will see how much Soviet greed and power will become a menace to an extremely terrified Europe. The Anglo-Saxons will have to mobilise all their forces in Europe to enable them to halt the Soviet. We shall then come to the front in the defence line, and we shall probably even see some Germans there who will be under Anglo-Saxon command." These words were deemed sufficient to condemn this soldier, who had fought the Germans for years, of intending to establish "a Polish-German military bloc directed against the Soviet Union." And at that time General Okulicki and his brothers were regarded in the West as "these obstinate, difficult Poles."

There came the luncheon-party which turned into something very different. Then there followed imprisonment, interrogation and trial. Fifteen of the prisoners pleaded guilty: the author alone held out, and (since at the time it paid Moscow to look lenient) he survives. His account, as Mr. Trevor-Roper says, is unique: the Western world, after reading it, need no longer be puzzled by these constant confessions. "There is no other evidence known to me from which we can learn, as here, the psychology and method

behind these Communist trials. No torture was used on Mr. Stypulski, no drugs; but his account of life in the Lubianka prison—the gradual wearing down of resistance by regulated discomfort, the variety of arguments used in the 141 protracted interrogations for which he was dragged from bed on seventy nights out of seventy-one, the subtle exploitation of human weakness—is adequate by itself to explain the behaviour of those other fifteen men who, when they had been suddenly fattened up to appear sleek and healthy in court, nevertheless, being enslaved by their previous confessions, pleaded 'Guilty' and relied on servile Russian lawyers not to defend them, but to extenuate by humiliating concessions the crimes to which they had confessed." Mr. Stypulski elected to defend himself and learnt Russian in order to do so; he was thus spared vilification by his own counsel. Before the



ONE OF THE FEW EAST-WEST CEREMONIES THAT IS STILL CARRIED OUT IN BERLIN: RUSSIAN AND U.S. SOLDIERS CHANGING THE GUARD AT THE SPANDAU PRISON, WHERE LEADING NAZI WAR CRIMINALS ARE IMPRISONED.

There are very few occasions to-day when the East and the West take part in ceremonies together in Berlin. But as a result of the four-Power guard responsibility which is carried out in rotation at the Spandau Prison, where Nazi war criminals are imprisoned, Russian soldiers perform the changing of the guard ceremony with the soldiers of the Western Powers. Our photograph shows the United States guard commander exchanging a salute with his Russian counterpart.

cussed. They got no lunch; they got no Zhukov; they got the Lubianka Prison in Moscow; and months of torture (none the less wearing because it didn't involve the thumb-screw and the rack) and one of those Moscow Trials. Their captors did not worry. The late Archbishop William Temple, during his brief reign at Canterbury, told an unimaginative and un-fanatical British Public that the most ghastly thing about the Nazis was that "they thought they were right." That applies also to the disciples of the Kremlin. It doesn't necessarily apply to the Eleven Kings of the Kremlin: they may be past thinking and past belief, knowing, for all their guards, and all their walls, and all their armoured cars, that their lives depend on a single shot from a single pistol. But it applies to members of "The Party." They have been told certain things about the outside world: they have been told that the outside world is full of Capitalists, Imperialists and Fascist Beasts; and, whenever I encounter a book about life behind the Iron Curtain, whether by a Pole who has been dragged behind the Curtain or by a Russian who has escaped to the front of it, I usually find that the authors have met men who so thoroughly believed in the Bolshevik doctrine that they were willing to suffer in Bolshevik prisons and camps, although wrongly accused. This must be borne in mind whenever we read of these trials: the accused, from the time of arrest to the time of conviction, are up against a mental brick wall. A legal one as well: it seems extremely difficult for an anti-Communist not to infringe the Soviet Code.

Before we come to the trial, at which the author broke all records and shocked Moscow by pleading "Not guilty," we are given an extremely straightforward and stirring account of the author's experiences in the earlier years of the war. He was thirty-five when the war broke out: had fought against the Bolshevik invasion when he was sixteen, and, later,

the hands of the Gestapo and being returned to Warsaw. Once there he led an active and hunted life in the Underground, culminating in that Warsaw Rising, which led to such dreadful loss of life, to no purpose. The Nazis, "impressed by the courage of the insurgents, finally recognised this army" without artillery, tanks and air force, "as genuine belligerents." The Soviets made no such concession: unconditional surrender of an Ally was what they wanted. The Western Powers, deluded by false hopes, nagged the Poles into going for a ride on the tiger. "Poland, a former Ally, was to be sacrificed in a vain attempt to placate a doubtful Soviet partner, while all her attempts to resist were labelled 'obstacles' to mutual understanding. The Polish Government in London was being urged to cede to Russia all land east of the River Bug—about 47 per cent. of Poland's pre-war territory—and to include Soviet agents as members of the Polish Cabinet in Poland." There were some who saw farther than the men in the West. One of the charges against General Okulicki in Moscow was that he had written a letter containing this passage: "Until Japan is defeated we cannot expect any improvement in our political situation. The Western

trial he had been questioned by Rudenko, who afterwards prosecuted at the Nuremberg trials. "After the termination of the interrogation," said Rudenko, "I have to prosecute you in court and shall have to mention that you did not confess to the alleged crimes. It will be the first time since the Soviet Revolution that a defendant, who is to be tried in the Supreme Court of Justice of the U.S.S.R., has not pleaded guilty. Do you think you are acting wisely?" What a gulf between us is there indicated?

He was found not guilty of sabotage but guilty of not giving away his friends: he got off lightly with four months, and returned to Warsaw; most of his comrades are still detained or dead. He tells his story very simply and easily: there is nothing feverish about his style: the facts speak for themselves. He observed everything he saw, had many human contacts, and retained his sense of humour in the most unpropitious circumstances. His book may serve to persuade some readers that Poles, after all, are not such very unreasonable people.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 590 of this issue.

\* "Invitation to Moscow." By Z. Stypulski. With a Preface by H. R. Trevor-Roper. Frontispiece Portraits. (Thames and Hudson: 15s.)





(ABOVE.) WHERE ARGENTINE SCIENTISTS ARE CLAIMED TO HAVE PRODUCED CHEAPER ATOMIC ENERGY: HUEMUL ISLAND, IN LAKE NAHUEL HUAPI, NORTHERN PATAGONIA.

On March 24 President Perón announced that Argentine scientists have discovered how to harness atomic energy cheaply without using uranium. He claimed that thermodynamic reactions were obtained in experiments on Huemul Island on February 16 by a group working under Professor Richter, director of the Argentine atomic energy plant.

## ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR: A SURVEY OF NEWS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS.

(RIGHT.) VALUED AT ABOUT £80,000: A RECENTLY FOUND BLUE-WHITE 160-CARAT DIAMOND COMPARED FOR SIZE WITH A SOUTH AFRICAN SHILLING.

This 160-carat diamond, valued at about £80,000, was found recently in the coastal deposits of the Consolidated Diamond Mines of South-West Africa, near the mouth of the Orange River. The blue-white diamond is in a form known as a "shape," and has been described by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer as the finest diamond in colour he has seen.



(RIGHT.) GOING DOWN STERN FIRST: THE DANISH FREIGHTER *Astra* SINKING AFTER BEING IN COLLISION WITH THE ISTHMIAN FREIGHTER *Steel Inventor* ON MARCH 30.

Our photograph shows the Danish freighter *Astra* with her stern submerged and rapidly sinking in the Atlantic about twenty miles north-east of Atlantic City, N.J., as a salvage ship stands by. The freighter, bound for Havana with a general cargo, was in collision with another freighter during heavy rain and thick fog on March 30. The crew of the *Astra* were rescued and the other ship, the Isthmian freighter *Steel Inventor*, damaged slightly in the collision, managed to reach a New York port under her own steam.



FINAL TOUCHES TO *NEPTUNE*, ONE OF THE ENGINES DESIGNED BY MR. ROWLAND EMMETT FOR HIS MINIATURE RAILWAY IN THE FESTIVAL GARDENS, BATTERSEA. The Emmett Railway, to be known as the Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway, which will run for nearly 500 yards along the south side of the Festival Gardens, Battersea, is having specially designed Emmett engines. *Neptune*, under construction at Southport, has wheels like steamer paddles and *Nellie* is another unusual locomotive.



THE FIRST JET-PROPELLED FLYING-BOAT IN THE WORLD TO FLY: THE THIRD PROTOTYPE SINGLE-SEAT FIGHTER FLYING-BOAT SR/A1 BEING TESTED.

The SR/A1 jet fighter flying-boat was the first aircraft of this type to fly (July 16, 1947), and the third prototype (the first two having met with accidents) is now being tested at Cowes, Isle of Wight. The floats beneath the wings are retractable in flight and the aircraft carries four 20-mm. cannon mounted in a gun bay forward of the cockpit.



## PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN MALTA.



A SPLENDID CEREMONIAL OCCASION IN MALTA: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH PRESENTING THE NEW KING'S COLOUR TO THE MEDITERRANEAN STATION ON APRIL 5.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO GOZO, MALTA'S SISTER ISLAND: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ASSISTING PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO STEP ASHORE: (RIGHT) THE PRIME MINISTER OF MALTA AND THE BISHOP OF GOZO.



DRIVING THROUGH THE MAIN STREETS OF VICTORIA, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF GOZO: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO VISITED IT ON APRIL 2.

Princess Elizabeth on April 5 presented the new King's Colour to the Mediterranean Station. The occasion was one of the most splendid ceremonies held in Malta since the war, and was her Royal Highness's last important engagement before the close of her fourth visit to Malta. Two thousand five hundred men of the station were on parade. The Princess, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, was greeted by the Governor, Sir Gerald Creasy, and the C-in-C. Mediterranean, Admiral Sir John Edleston. After the inspection and Trooping, the Princess handed over the new Colour (which had been consecrated some days before) to a kneeling officer, and spoke of her close interest in the work of the Navy, and of the comparatively recent introduction of the King's Colour for the Senior Service. On April 2 the Princess and the Duke visited Gozo, Malta's sister island, and toured its towns and villages.

## THE FRENCH PRESIDENT IN AMERICA.

M. Auriol, who arrived in Ottawa on April 5, after his five-day visit to the United States, spoke with great emphasis in Washington, both when he addressed the House of Representatives on April 2 and the Press Club, of France's willingness to fight in the cause of freedom, and of her great recovery since the war. On April 3, he and his party, which included M. Robert Schuman, were welcomed in New York with the greatest enthusiasm. Their engagements included an official reception by the Mayor, Mr. Impellitteri, on whom M. Auriol conferred the insignia of Commander of the Legion of Honour, and from whom he received in return a scroll of the city for distinguished and exceptional public service. M. Auriol's visit to Canada is to be commemorated by the naming of a range of mountains after him in the south-west Yukon territory.



ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ON APRIL 2: M. AURIOL (AT ROSTRUM, CENTRE), WITH BEHIND (L. TO R.) THE VICE-PRESIDENT, MR. BARKLEY, AND HOUSE SPEAKER MR. RAYBURN.



AT PRESIDENT F. D. ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE: M. AURIOL, AND, BEHIND (L. TO R.), M. BONNET, FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO U.S., M. SCHUMAN AND MRS. ROOSEVELT, WITH MME. AURIOL (BEHIND).



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK: M. AURIOL AND MR. IMPELLITTERI, HOLDING THE PRESENTATION SCROLL OF THE CITY.



# THE ROYAL VISIT TO WARWICKSHIRE: THEIR MAJESTIES AT COVENTRY AND WARWICK.



THEIR MAJESTIES VISIT THE BOMBED-OUT SHELL OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL; AND ARE HERE SEEN WITH THE BISHOP AND THE MAYOR OF COVENTRY.



INSPECTING THE STATUE OF LADY GODIVA, WHICH MRS. LEWIS DOUGLAS UNVEILED IN 1949: THE KING WITH THE MAYOR OF COVENTRY AND THE QUEEN WITH THE MAYORESS.



THE QUEEN MEETS "BEN," A POLICE DOG, WHEN SHE AND THE KING VISITED THE POLICE COLLEGE AT RYTON-ON-DUNSMORE AND INSPECTED A LARGE PARADE.



CHEERED BY SCHOOLCHILDREN AS THEY LEFT THE RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL: THEIR MAJESTIES WITH (RIGHT) THE MAYORESS AND MAYOR OF COVENTRY.



THEIR MAJESTIES AT WARWICK CASTLE, WHERE THEY TOOK TEA: (L. TO R.) MR. ANTHONY EDEN, THE KING AND QUEEN, AND THE EARL OF WARWICK NEAR THE CLOCK-TOWER.

On April 5 the King and Queen visited Warwickshire, arriving first, by train, at Coventry. Here they saw the reconstruction work which has been done, inspecting new buildings in Broadgate and the Lady Godiva statue which Mrs. Douglas, the wife of the then American Ambassador, unveiled in 1949, and then visiting the shell of the Cathedral, where they were received by the Bishop, Dr. Gorton. They then drove along a five-mile route, lined by cheering factory

workers, to the Police College at Ryton-on-Dunsmore, where the King inspected a parade of more than 1600 police officers from England, Wales and the Colonies. After luncheon with the students, their Majesties watched a demonstration of tracking and arresting by police dogs, Alsatis and Labradors. Later they took tea at Warwick Castle with the Earl of Warwick, the Mayor of Warwick and Mr. Anthony Eden, before returning to Windsor by train from Leamington.



THERE can hardly be a more controversial figure in the world to-day than General MacArthur. His position is exceptional. No other military officer in the United States Forces is or ever would be permitted to make political statements touching on the most important and delicate international affairs without any apparent risk of incurring disciplinary action. Several factors have contributed to this state of affairs, which is more surprising and confusing to Britons than Americans, because the latter are more used to political trends in the Services than we are, even if they have never experienced such strong ones. In the first place stands his war record. It is hardly necessary to say that this was of outstanding quality, but not everyone in this country realises how splendid it was. One of the ablest and highest-placed of British soldiers said to me just after the end of hostilities that in his opinion MacArthur would be accorded by the verdict of history the first place among the leaders in the Second World War.

Next we must consider his strong following in the United States, which is, of course, largely due to the war record, but is also influenced by his remarkable personality. It would be a great mistake to suppose that this following is made up of the crude and the reactionary. It includes many of the most sober-minded men with deep experience of affairs, some of whom are his warm personal friends as well as his admirers. Then his looks are as picturesque as his language, though he may be the oldest man holding a military command in the world to-day. The fact that he has not visited his own country since before the Second World War seems to add to the aura which surrounds him. His achievement in Japan is the subject of dispute, but no one in his senses can deny that his administration has been one of remarkable originality and that all he has done has been stamped with the mark of a powerful and extraordinary intellect. Last but not least comes his conduct of the campaign in Korea. Here we in this country are apt to do him less than justice, allowing his error—as it seems to us—in appreciating the Chinese intentions in North Korea to blur the picture of skill, patience and courage in the strategy of a campaign which began so disastrously, and would without doubt have been lost had the standard of leadership not been as high as it was.

To my mind General MacArthur's worth is best discovered by examination of the scene up to and including the amphibious operation at Inchon. This was the period when his intervention was decisive in preserving the forces of the United Nations from destruction. The recovery from the defeat inflicted by the Chinese at the end of last year also tested his organising powers, especially on the east coast; but it is possible to take the view that the wonderful tactical restoration which has since taken place has been to a greater extent due to the measures of his subordinate, General Ridgway, the commander of the Eighth Army. It is also to be noted that, though the United Nations forces have not been reinforced for some time, their armament is constantly being improved. Before turning to consider such criticisms of General MacArthur as are worthy of notice, I should perhaps make one explanation to British readers. There seems to be a belief that he is in some way responsible to the United Nations. This is not the case. It was arranged from the first that the responsibility should be to the United States Government, though the situation was to be regularly reported to the United Nations.

The serious criticism which can be launched against General MacArthur's proceedings is that he has frequently, since the Chinese entered Korea and to some extent earlier, made political statements which had no authority from the American Government and occasionally conflicted with its known attitude. These statements have been embarrassing to Governments participating in the Korean war, particularly our own Government, which required goading before it sent its first troops from Hong Kong and has never quite caught up with events since. It is now well known that the Prime Minister's visit to Washington was in the main one of expostulation and that in general it failed in its purpose. Yet the question of General MacArthur's interventions has become much more serious than it was at the time of Mr. Attlee's visit. Of late, representatives of the nations concerned have been meeting frequently in the United States and the conversations are believed to have been reasonably friendly and fruitful. The United States Government, which had long hesitated to issue instructions for a halt on the 38th Parallel, appears to have been more or less converted to the view that it would be prudent policy to halt in its neighbourhood, while permitting any reasonable

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE RÔLE OF GENERAL MACARTHUR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

N.B.—On April 11, General MacArthur was superseded in his command. advance beyond it which seemed to be called for by the tactical situation. In these circumstances it seems that General MacArthur's pronouncement and truce offer to the Chinese was received by his own Government with little greater pleasure than it was by the British.

On this occasion he spoke of the possibility of extending operations to the "coastal areas and interior bases" of China, in other words, of bombing Chinese territory. From the moment when the Chinese intervention took place I have contended that there is no reason except expediency why China should not be bombed. No serious case can be made for her action, and that which is presented comes from notoriously anti-American opinion of various degrees of bitterness.

### U.S. NAVAL MIGHT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



THREE U.S. CRUISERS—AMONG THE MOST POWERFUL OF THEIR TYPE IN THE WORLD—STEAMING IN FORMATION IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. LEADING, THE U.S.S. SALEM (17,000 TONS); (CENTRE) THE U.S.S. COLUMBUS (13,600 TONS), AND (NEAREST THE CAMERA) THE U.S.S. DES MOINES (17,000 TONS). SINCE THIS PHOTOGRAPH, DES MOINES HAS LEFT THE MEDITERRANEAN.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST CRUISERS AND A UNIT OF THE LARGEST U.S. FLEET EVER TO BE IN MEDITERRANEAN WATERS: THE HEAVY CRUISER NEWPORT NEWS (17,000 TONS, NINE 8-IN. GUNS).

At present the United States naval strength in the Mediterranean, engaged on manoeuvres and showing the flag, is the largest American naval force ever to be concentrated in that sea. It is under the command of Vice-Admiral M. B. Gardner, and comprised (at the date of writing): two of the world's largest carriers, *Franklin D. Roosevelt* and *Coral Sea*, both of 45,000 tons; the two heavy cruisers *Salem* and *Newport News*, which are about twice the displacement of most British cruisers; the heavy cruiser *Columbus* and the cruiser *Roanoke*; and about twenty-four destroyers and auxiliaries. The light carrier *Wright* and the heavy cruiser *Des Moines* had recently left the Mediterranean. At about the same date, the Royal Navy's strength in the Mediterranean, although subject to alteration from time to time, consisted of: one cruiser squadron, two destroyer flotillas, two frigate flotillas, one submarine flotilla, one mine-sweeping flotilla, and auxiliaries.

Yet expediency is in itself almost the most important element in a matter so dangerous as war. Clearly the United States, as well as her partners in the Korean affair, has made up her mind that it would be inexpedient to attack Chinese territory from the air at present. So, to add to a possible pique over the truce affair, which anticipated some sort of offer contemplated by the United Nations, there was this direct conflict with the policy of both the United Nations and the United States. On top of all this came the Chinese reply, which was an abrupt and almost contemptuous negative. Opinion at Lake Success and in Washington may well be that a possible opportunity for further negotiation was lost because General MacArthur spoke "out of turn."

I consider myself a warm admirer of his. I appreciate his difficulties. I can sympathise with his

impatience if, as is probable, he chafes at the sight of his own Government being overborne by others which have no comparable interest and have made no comparable sacrifices in the campaign. (We ourselves should bear in mind that for every man whose death in this war we have to mourn the United States has lost at least 62.) I realise that before the

outbreak of war he had been accorded proconsular power in Japan—a power which involved the taking of many political decisions and set a precedent for the period of war. I have expressed myself as not entirely convinced that the United Nations have been correct in their policy of exempting the Chinese Communist Government from retribution for its misdeeds and allowing it to succeed in its impudent game of bluff. Yet I cannot but feel that General MacArthur was unwise, even from his own point of view, to make his pronouncement in the terms which he used and that it will not succeed in gaining for him a freer hand in his conduct of the war against the Chinese. Otherwise it seems to me that too much fuss is being made about the incident, which ought not to prevent a new approach to China if such is desired.

It required some boldness and, it may be assumed, confidence on the part of General MacArthur to say what he did at a time when the Eighth Army was expecting a Chinese counter-offensive. The efforts of the Chinese to mount one had been revealed early in March, and it appeared that their failure to attack before the last week of the month had been due to the continual battering from the air and harrying on the ground to which they had been subjected. Nevertheless, there was no reason to suppose that they had abandoned their design. However severely they had been handled, they had not suffered the worst tribulation which can befall an army—that of being split and sundered by columns breaking through and descending upon its lines of communication, because General Ridgway had deliberately reduced the pace of his advance to a crawl so that it might not reach the 38th Parallel too soon or leave pockets of resistance behind it. If they could bring sufficient ammunition and supplies to their front-line troops, the Chinese could strike another blow, though they could not guarantee that it would prove effective. On March 30, a week after General MacArthur had made his statement, they did counter-attack in some force north of Seoul and recovered a certain amount of ground.

It looked as if this were the first stroke of a general counter-offensive, but it was not immediately followed by a major attack on a wide front. On the contrary, the Eighth Army made further advances at several points next day. Yet the Chinese continued to reinforce their front and to push forward supply columns, in one case consisting of human porters—evidence of the straits in which their lack of transport and the American bombing of their communications have placed them. There I must leave consideration of the campaign for this week. I still think it probable that the Chinese Command will attempt another strong thrust, unless there should be a composition, and there seems little likelihood of this in the near future. Yet I do not expect to see the enemy regain his lost initiative, save perhaps locally and temporarily. He has three hopes in his favour: numbers, the general unsuitability to defence of a line in the immediate neighbourhood of the 38th Parallel, and the growing strength of his air forces, which may soon be able to make a fight for it with the American bombers and already seems to have made it necessary for them to be regularly escorted by day with fighters. So far as I can judge, these factors ought not to be sufficient to turn the scale, in view of the increased efficiency of the United Nations forces.

The colourful, distinguished and unaccountable figure of the Supreme Commander in Tokyo has in the course of this campaign created astonishment, alarm and resentment from time

to time. It is possible that he will continue to do so. Yet where should we have been without him? He is not the only man whose tongue and pen cause embarrassment, but, whereas most of the others talk to the accompaniment of a minimum of fruitful performance, however much he talks, he is a far greater performer than a talker. He has fought under a handicap, that of conducting a war against a foe whose bases are sacrosanct and whose weaknesses may not be exploited, such as few military leaders have had to shoulder. His critics may have had reason for complaint, but they must make allowances for a commander compelled to fight a limited war against an adversary whose aims are unlimited. Twice General MacArthur has snatched victory from the close grip of defeat. In less skilful and forcible hands the Korean campaign would have been lost long ago.



# INCIDENTS OF THE KOREAN WAR: OCCASIONS GRIM, GAY AND CEREMONIAL.



BRIGADIER COAD, COMMANDING THE BRITISH 27TH BRIGADE IN KOREA, SALUTES AS THE PIPERS OF THE ARGVLL AND SUTHERLANDS MARCH PAST AT A MEMORIAL PARADE AND SERVICE.



THE COMMANDERS OF THE TWO BATAANS MEET DURING THE KOREAN WAR: (LEFT) CAPTAIN E. T. NEALE, U.S.N., OF THE U.S.S. BATAAN (A CARRIER), AND COMMANDER W. B. M. MARKS, OF THE AUSTRALIAN DESTROYER BATAAN, EXAMINE THE LATTER SHIP'S CREST.



AFTER THREE MONTHS' CAPTIVITY WITH THE KOREAN COMMUNISTS: A U.S. INFANTRYMAN, FREED NEAR THE 38TH PARALLEL.



(ABOVE.) HOW A PARACHUTE TROOP-CARRYING AIRCRAFT IS PACKED FOR ACTION: U.S. PARACHUTE TROOPS, IN FULL EQUIPMENT, IN A C-119 FLYING BOX-CAR.



SOLDIERS RUN TRUE TO FORM: REGIMENTAL COOKS OF THE NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT IN KOREA WITH "BUTCH," A LOCAL PUPPY THEY HAVE ADOPTED AS MASCOT.

including troops of six nationalities—U.S., British, South Korean, Australian, Greek and Siamese, and increased air activity was reported. On April 7 British Royal Marine Commandos (250 strong) staged a raid on the Korean east coast near Sonjin, far behind the enemy lines, blew up 100 yards of main railway line, and withdrew without a single casualty.



"BREWING UP" IN THE SNOWS OF KOREA: A NEW ZEALAND SOLDIER SHOWS WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH AN ENAMELLED MUG AND A SMALL PORTABLE COOKER.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



FOR over five months my winter jasmine, *Jasminum nudiflorum*, has been providing an unbroken succession of its graceful, slender, green stems, strung from end to

end with blossoms like golden primroses. It is surely the most generous of all hardy outdoor plants in producing cut flowers for the house, at a time when cut flowers are most scarce and most welcome. From October till March it develops its buds and flowers, unperturbed by the worst that an English winter can do. And it does this for a minimum of outlay and trouble. It is best to cut the sprays in bud and let them open in water in the house. It is surprising how quickly the buds respond to the temperature and comfort of an ordinary living-room, and they open in far fresher perfection than they would in the open, even in the milder spells of winter weather.

Close upon the heels of the jasmine come the Forsythias with even more abundant masses of golden blossom. They make a greater show in the garden than the jasmine, but they come when many other flowers are about, daffodils, polyanthus, scillas, chionodoxas, and the rest, and so perhaps one is not quite so grateful even for their more massive brilliance.

It is rather surprising that the average gardener—and here I include myself—so seldom grows more than one, or perhaps two, species of Forsythia, for there are more than a dozen different species, hybrids and varieties to choose from. One can find them listed and described in the more comprehensive shrub nurserymen's catalogues. The two most popular are *Forsythia suspensa* and *F. intermedia spectabilis*. The other kinds are all variations on the theme of these two, without being superior or outstandingly distinct. *Forsythia suspensa* is a rapid grower, with long, slender stems. In my Hertfordshire garden, which I left about four years ago, I had a fine old specimen of *F. suspensa* which had flung itself into the upper branches of a clump of hawthorns, from which its branches came trailing down in a cataract of gold. Failing suitable conditions for growing it in this pleasantly untidy, semi-wild way, *Forsythia suspensa* may be grown in an open, isolated position and then, with its main stems supported by a tall, stout, permanent stake, it will form a great bush of almost weeping habit. But to do itself justice in this way it must be given plenty of room.

As a wall plant *Forsythia suspensa* is excellent. In a garden not far from where I live, in the Cotswolds, there is a specimen which has been trained to wires on a house wall facing east which covers a space about 20 ft. high and some 30 ft. across. In late March and early April it is a wall of solid gold. Directly the flowers are over, the flowering shoots of a wall-trained specimen should be pruned pretty hard to the main permanent stems. When this is done the plant will occupy itself during the summer in throwing out innumerable stems to flower the following spring. It is in this way that the yellow jasmine also should be pruned, but too seldom is, directly after flowering.

### THE FORSYTHIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

*Forsythia suspensa* has the great virtue of not only tolerating but apparently enjoying town life. I know one specimen in particular in London which is trained along a fence dividing two front gardens. It covers, and smothers, a length of 30 or 40 ft. and a height of 8 or 9 ft. In spring it is a blaze of really glorious gold, and for the rest of the summer a wall of grateful green.

*Forsythia intermedia spectabilis* is a stouter, more rigidly self-supporting shrub than *F. suspensa*, with larger flowers of a richer gold. A three-year-old specimen planted at the foot of the east wall of my house has already reached a height of 10 ft. and shows every intention of going a good deal higher. Its main

symptoms. Yet I cannot quite believe it. Our masters have made of the weather a sort of bigeneric hybrid, half-whipping-boy, half-scapegoat, on which to blame their more fatuous ineptitudes, and their silliest and most expensively-planned blunders. Surely they would not deny themselves the use of their scapegoat by nationalising it. And yet—and yet, one can almost hear them blaming the weather—for the weather.

This winter I tried the experiment of cutting well-budded branches of my *Forsythia intermedia spectabilis* to see whether they would open in water in the house

as the buds of yellow jasmine open. Nothing happened. It was not until they were well swollen and showing yellow that they responded to house warmth. On the other hand, a friend tells me that branches of *Forsythia suspensa* will open their buds in water even when cut as early as December.

Pot-grown specimens of the Forsythias are easy to produce, easy to force under glass, and make delightful room plants in early spring. Although I have never tried it, I see no reason why Forsythias grown in pots in the open during the summer should not be forced into early spring flowering by bringing them to a sunny window in a living-room.

Although the majority of the Forsythias, and certainly the better-known ones, have golden flowers, there are one or two species with pale-yellow flowers. *Forsythia europæa* is pale cream and *F. giraldeana* and *F. primulina* are pale yellow, and *F. ovata* primrose-yellow. In a neighbour's garden there is a bush of what I take to be *F. ovata*, though I have not yet had an opportunity of verifying it. Whatever its name it is a most beautiful thing, an 8-ft. bush, erect and self-supporting, and carrying just now a fine crop of pale-yellow flowers. Whether they should be described as primrose, Jersey cream or Guernsey butter-yellow I would not like to say, but it is most attractive. Not so showy in the garden scene as *suspensa* and *spectabilis*, but a change, a relief, from their almost glaring splendour. For cutting I prefer it.

A few days ago this lovely pale Forsythia gave me a pleasant surprise. I found in a propagating frame a pot-full of tiny butter-yellow plants, a dozen or more of them in full flower. Not one of them was more than 3 ins. high, and not one had more than two or three blossoms. But there they were, flowering away like mad, a batch of cuttings from my neighbour's bush which I had put in last summer and forgotten. They had rooted in their silver sand, and rooted down into the soil beneath. I usually put soil in the lower half of the pot or pan of silver sand in which I strike cuttings of this nature. It gives them a little something to carry on with if I should forget to deal with them directly they are rooted—as in this case. But these precociously flowering mites have given me an idea. I shall grow most of them on for planting out in the open. But one or two I shall cultivate as dwarfs in pots for winter flowering in the house.



MOST BRILLIANT AND ROBUST OF THE SHRUBS WHICH ARE AT LAST BEGINNING TO BRIGHTEN THE GLOOM OF A STUBBORN SPRING: A CROWDED SPRAY OF FORSYTHIA BLOSSOM.

April in London this year has been ushered in by a blaze of gold from the many Forsythia shrubs in public and private gardens and undoubtedly the commonest form is that shown above, *Forsythia intermedia spectabilis*. *F. intermedia* is the overall name for the various hybrids of *F. suspensa* and *F. viridissima*, and the most robust and popular of their offspring is *F. intermedia spectabilis*.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

stems are tied back lightly to the wall, but I shall prune it much less severely than I would prune *F. suspensa*, and already several self-supporting stems stand up and out away from the wall to a height of 6 or 7 ft. This spring it is coming into flower very slowly and reluctantly. On the last day of March only a few among thousands of buds had opened. Can you blame it in view of the poisonous assortment of weather samples that we have had—snow and icy rain, sleet, hail, wind and bitter cold?

I have heard it rumoured that our climate has been nationalised. Certainly it has shown all the



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALEXANDRA DAY COUNCIL: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.**  
The Duchess of Kent lunched with the Lord Mayor at Mansion House on April 3, and subsequently attended the annual meeting of the Alexandra Day Council, of which she is President. She said that more and more appeals are being made to the Fund by charities which do not come under the National Health Service. This year Alexandra Rose Day will be June 19. The Duchess of Kent flew to Nice on April 8 with Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael for a ten-day holiday on the Riviera.



**IN HER 'HEYDAY' AND AFTERWARDS: MISS VESTA VICTORIA, THE MUSIC HALL STAR, WHO DIED ON APRIL 7.**  
Miss Vesta Victoria, one of the best of the women comic singers of the old music halls, died on April 7, aged seventy-seven. In the course of her career she performed at all the principal English music halls and was also successful in America. Among the songs she made popular were "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow"; "Waiting at the Church" and "It's All Right in the Summer Time."



**AIR MARSHAL SIR V. GODDARD.**  
Appointed to succeed Mr. E. F. Relf as Principal of the College of Aeronautics, Cranfield, Bedfordshire. Sir Victor was Air Member for Technical Services at the Air Ministry until the post was abolished. He was Air Marshal in the British Joint Services Mission, U.S.A., 1946-48.



**SQUADRON LEADER T. S. WADE.**  
Killed on April 3 when a Hawker P.1081 experimental jet fighter with swept-back wings which he was piloting crashed near Lewes. He was thirty, and had been chief test pilot of Hawker Aircraft since early in 1948, and was one of the best-known of the younger British test pilots.



**THE DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED SOUTH AFRICAN PALAEOLOGIST: DR. ROBERT BROOM.**  
Dr. Robert Broom, F.R.S., has died at Pretoria, South Africa, at the age of eighty-four. This distinguished South African palaeontologist, who was a valued contributor to *The Illustrated London News*, undertook researches between 1897 and 1910 which proved the origin of mammals from reptiles; and from 1936 until his death his work threw new light on the origin of man. In 1936 Dr. Broom discovered the Sterkfontein skull, and two years later the Kromdraai skull.



**ARRIVING FROM GERMANY ON APRIL 5: LORD RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL, DEPUTY JUDGE ADVOCATE-GENERAL, AND LADY RUSSELL.**  
Lord Russell of Liverpool and Lady Russell were involved in an incident at Vlotho, North Rhine-Westphalia, on March 31. Hostile demonstrations were made against them by Germans. The Germans allege that the trouble arose when Lord Russell's car became involved with a procession. Lord Russell stated that he would discuss it with the Judge Advocate-General in London.



**CONVICTED OF GIVING ATOM SECRETS IN WARTIME TO RUSSIA AND SENTENCED TO DEATH BY AN AMERICAN FEDERAL COURT: JULIUS ROSENBERG (RIGHT) AND HIS WIFE ETHEL.**  
Sentence of death was passed in New York on April 5 on Julius Rosenberg and his wife Ethel, convicted of giving atom secrets in wartime to Russia. Judge Kaufman, who ordered the executions to take place during the week beginning May 21, said: "By your betrayal you undoubtedly have altered the course of history to the disadvantage of our country." Appeals are being lodged.



**CONVICTED OF GIVING ATOM SECRETS TO RUSSIA IN WARTIME AND SENTENCED TO THIRTY YEARS: MORTON SOBELL (LEFT).**  
Morton Sobell, a radar expert, was tried in New York for giving atom secrets to Russia in wartime. His guilt, the court held, was less than that of the Rosenbergs, who were sentenced to death, and he received a sentence of thirty years' imprisonment, with a recommendation that he should be denied parole. An appeal is being lodged. Greenglass, who confessed, was sentenced to 15 yrs.



**CELEBRATING NICKEL COIN'S VICTORY: MR. J. ROYLE, THE OWNER (CENTRE), WITH HIS FATHER, MISS WELLS AND MR. J. O'DONOGHUE.**  
Mr. J. Royle, the owner of the 1951 Grand National winner, *Nickel Coin*, celebrated with a champagne dinner at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, on April 7. Our photograph shows Mr. J. Royle with his father, who selected *Nickel Coin* at the Newmarket Sales in 1942; Miss J. Wells, the nineteen-year-old "stable lad" who looks after *Nickel Coin*, and Mr. Jack O'Donoghue (right), the trainer.



**SIR HENRY HAKE.**  
Died on April 4, aged fifty-nine. He had been Director of the National Portrait Gallery since 1927. In 1914 he became an assistant in the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum. After World War I, in which he served in the Army, he returned to the British Museum until his appointment to the National Portrait Gallery.



**TO CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ON APRIL 16: LORD AND LADY EXETER PHOTOGRAPHED AT THEIR HOME, BURGHLEY HOUSE.**  
On April 16 Lord and Lady Exeter will be celebrating their golden wedding. Lord Exeter, who succeeded his father as fifth Marquess of Exeter in 1898, was an A.D.C. to the King from 1920-31. Before her marriage, in 1901, Lady Exeter was the Hon. Myra Rowena Sibell Orde-Powlett, the only daughter of the fourth Baron Bolton. Their eldest son is Lord Burghley, the well-known athlete.





THE FIRST FENCE DÉBÂCLE: G. VERGETTE (STOCKMAN'S JOCKEY) ON GROUND, ON EXTREME LEFT. COLUMN (MR. A. CORBETT UP) IS THE SECOND HORSE (35), WITH, BENEATH HIM, K. DOWDESWELL (CADAMSTOWN) NEXT TO MR. W. BROWN (STILL HOLDING REINS OF REVEALED). BEHIND REVEALED IS BROOMFIELD (R. EMERY UP). QUEEN OF THE DANDIES (R. CARTER UP) IS TO THE LEFT OF LOOSE HORSES, PARSONSHILL (41) IS DOWN, AND ROYAL TAN (MR. A. S. O'BRIEN), WHO CAME IN SECOND, IS ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, BEHIND. B. MARSHALL (LAND FORT) IS UNDER THE HORSE ON ITS HAUNCHES.



DEMOUNTED JOCKEYS WALKING BACK TO THE PADDOCK AFTER THEIR HORSES HAD COME DOWN—ONLY THREE RUNNERS FINISHED OUT OF A FIELD OF THIRTY-SIX. ELEVEN FELL AT THE FIRST FENCE.



THE LAST FENCE: MR. J. ROYLE'S NICKEL COIN (J. BULLOCK UP; RIGHT) TAKING THE JUMP CLEARLY. MRS. M. H. KEOGH'S ROYAL TAN (MR. A. S. O'BRIEN), WHO CAME IN SECOND, HAS MADE A MISTAKE.



THE WINNER OF THE 1951 GRAND NATIONAL, PASSING THE POST: NICKEL COIN (PAY UP—VISCUM), MR. J. ROYLE'S NINE-YEAR-OLD MARE, TRAINED BY J. O'DONOGHUE AND RIDDEN BY J. BULLOCK.

## AN ASTONISHING GRAND NATIONAL IN WHICH ONLY 3 OUT OF A FIELD OF 36 COMPLETED THE COURSE, THE WINNER NICKEL COIN, THE RUNNER-UP ROYAL TAN, AND THE DISASTERS OF THE FIRST FENCE.

This year's Grand National was astonishing and exciting. A field of thirty-six, the cream of the steeplechasing world, started, but only two remained standing, the winner, *Nickel Coin* (who started at 40 to 1), and the second, *Royal Tan* (22 to 1), while *Derrinstown* (66 to 1), owned by Mr. P. Digney and ridden by A. Power, took a heavy fall and was remounted to come in third. No other

horse completed the course. The going was good, and spectators gasped with surprise and horror when eleven came down at the first fence, and the mighty continued to fall (much trouble being caused by loose horses), till only five runners passed the stands at the end of the first circuit, and when the race for home began over the last seven jumps it was between *Nickel Coin* and *Royal Tan*.

At the final fence *Royal Tan* made a very bad mistake, hitting the obstacle about half-way up. It was remarkable that he did not fall, but it settled the issue. *Nickel Coin* jumped the fence perfectly and came in to win by six lengths. The third of her sex to win the Grand National since the turn of the century, she was bought for 55 guineas in a batch of yearlings selected by Mr. Jeffery Royle, father

of the owner, Mr. John Royle, at the Newmarket Sales of 1942. In the interval she has been sold four times and bought back. She was originally a show jumper, and never saw a racecourse until she was seven. The start of the race was rather quicker than usual, which may have contributed to the disasters at the first fence.



# MAKING RUSTED METAL AS BRIGHT AS A NEW PIN: THE METAL "LAUNDRY"—AND ITS WASHING LIST OF CORRODED "UNSHRINKABLES."



AS GOOD AS NEW AFTER A FIRE OR YEARS OF NEGLECT: BEARINGS BEFORE (LEFT) AND AFTER TREATMENT.



AS BRIGHT AS A NEW PIN: ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS BEFORE (RIGHT) AND AFTER TREATMENT, SHOWING HOW THOROUGHLY PAINT AND RUST ARE REMOVED.



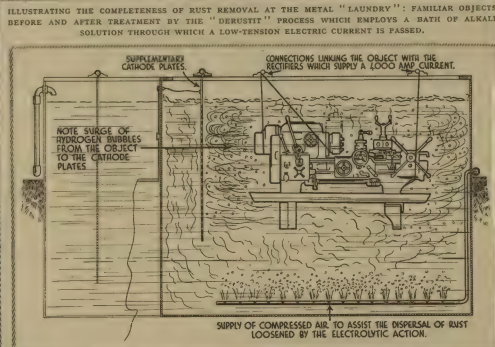
HOW THE PROCESS ASSISTS INDUSTRY AND REARMAMENT: AN OIL-PIPE JOINT AND 2-IN. MORTAR BOMBS BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT.



READY FOR REFILLING: A 1000-LB. BOMB AS IT ARRIVES AND LEAVES THE "LAUNDRY."



DEMONSTRATING THE PROCESS OF "ELECTRO-PLATING IN REVERSE": A HALF-TREATED HEAVY LATHE—THE LEFT SIDE RUSTED AND THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE WORKING FREELY.



CROSS-SECTION OF THE DERUSTING VAT, SHOWING IN OUTLINE A LATHE UNDERGOING TREATMENT. THE LAY-OUT OF A METAL "LAUNDRY" COMPRISES A PRELIMINARY RINSING VAT, A DEGREASING TANK, A DERUSTING VAT, AND A HOT RINSING TANK. THE DERUSTING VAT CONTAINS AN ALKALI SOLUTION THROUGH WHICH A LOW-TENSION ELECTRIC CURRENT IS PASSED, REMOVING ALL TRACES OF RUST.



CLEANING A COMPLETE MACHINE WITHOUT PREVIOUS DISMANTLING: AN ADDING MACHINE BEING REMOVED FROM THE DERUSTING VAT.



THE LAY-OUT OF THE METAL "LAUNDRY": A VIEW OF THE SERIES OF TANKS THROUGH WHICH THE VARIOUS ITEMS PASS TO EMERGE FREE OF GREASE, PAINT AND RUST.

At a time when there is an increasing shortage of raw materials coupled with an ever-growing rearmament programme, the importance of a process which reconditions metal objects formerly regarded as only good for scrap cannot be overstressed. Recently a demonstration was given by Metal Laundries and Derustit Ltd. of their method of derusting metal by means of "electroplating in reverse." A current of 4000 amps is passed through five 3000-gallon vats filled with an alkali solution which froths and bubbles, and the rust and impurities are dissolved into hydrogen gas. It is claimed that any rusted or deteriorated object from a "locomotive to a nut" can be treated in this way, leaving metal surfaces perfectly clean and without any chemical absorption even in the more porous types of metal. Porous or deeply-pitted surfaces are cleaned as efficiently as

bright surfaces, and with correct treatment no trace of corrosion is left in even the smallest interstices. Although the process entirely removes rust, it does not prevent it from recurring, and normal anti-rust precautions are necessary for treated articles, but it does give an excellent surface for the application of paint, enamel, electroplate or other surface-finishing treatment. Two of the most important advantages of "Derustit" are that it does not attack sound metal in any way whatever and complete machines and assemblies can often be derusted without any dismantling—an enormous saving in labour and possible damage, for the stripping of corroded machinery is usually difficult, expensive and laborious. The process is now being used to carry out very big orders for the Services, and vehicles, guns, shells, bombs and other items are being sent from the vast dumps



RUSTED WAR MATERIAL MADE SERVICEABLE: OERLIKON GUN MOUNTINGS—BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT—ONE OF THE MANY ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT FROM MILITARY DUMPS NOW BEING SALVAGED FOR THE REARMAMENT PROGRAMME AND TO SAVE METAL.



NEW LAMPS FOR OLD: PART OF A CONSIGNMENT OF RUSTING HURRICANE LAMPS WHICH CAME BACK FROM THE "LAUNDRY" AS GOOD AS NEW.



RESTORED TO USE AT A FRACTION OF THE COST OF REPLACEMENT OR OF RECONDITIONING BY NORMAL METHODS: A SELECTION OF METAL OBJECTS, SOME ALREADY TREATED, AT THE "LAUNDRY."



INSPECTING THE INTERIOR OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS TO ENSURE THAT NO RUSTING REMAINS: AN EMPLOYEE CHECKING A BATCH OF CLEANED AMMUNITION.

of war material all over the country to be reconditioned by the "laundry." "Derustit" can be safely applied to nearly all metals except certain magnesium and aluminium alloys, and when these are present in complete assemblies they can in most cases be fully protected by several alternative methods of masking or painting over with insulators. Among objects treated for industry have been 1,000,000 rollers for a cotton mill in Lancashire which had been damaged by water and chemicals in a fire, and were made "as good as new" in a fortnight, the makers

having quoted eighteen months for replacement; and calculating machines. The saving in time over the latter was tremendous, as the whole complicated machine, instead of having to be taken to pieces to be cleaned, could be "popped in the bath" as a unit. On these pages we illustrate the process and some of the objects which are handled by the metal "laundry," including 1000-lb. bombs, anti-aircraft shells by the hundred, gun-mountings, and less warlike stores such as hurricane lamps and pickaxe heads.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

LONDON'S BLACK-HEADED GULLS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

ONE evening in late summer, sixteen years ago, I was standing on the platform of a railway station in the south-west suburbs of London. The sky overhead was cloudless, its blue toned down with a faint haze. My attention was attracted to a flight of birds, in chevron formation, passing overhead, some 250 strong. As they passed over they were succeeded by a flight a little to the east, with another a little to the west. As far as the eye could see, looking eastwards across the roof-tops, the sky seemed filled with wave on wave of birds. And as the wave overhead passed on another would appear out of the haze in the distance. It was a majestic sight, worth missing trains to stand and watch, which I did for half an hour. It was London's gulls returning to the low-lying ground in the Staines-Windsor area for the night. According to my notes, written at the time, the numbers of the gulls could not be far short of 10,000. A fellow-passenger, seeing me watching the birds, volunteered the information that gulls coming inland was a sign of bad weather, but we will let that pass—for the moment.

Looking at my notes now, the figure of 10,000 seems slightly unreliable, yet I feel sure that my count at the time would have been a careful one. Since this daily movement of gulls, into London in the morning and out in the evening, takes place in two directions, one to the south-west and the other to the north-east, to the Lea Valley marshes, this would give us nearly 20,000 for the numbers of London's resident gulls. A census of the population of black-headed gulls in England and Wales, taken in 1938, gave an estimated 80,000 pairs. Allowing for no perceptible increase in this in the intervening years, and accepting that London's gull population consists mainly of the black-headed, with the addition of a comparatively small percentage of herring, lesser black-backed and great black-backed gulls, it means that about one-eighth of the total black-headed gulls of England and Wales is resident in London. Perhaps the figure of 20,000 is not so extraordinary as at first sight appears when we recall that the number of those foraging in Kensington Gardens alone is, allowing for slight fluctuations from year to year, around 500, according to counts in recent years.

Two points arise from this essay in figures. The first concerns the lack of observation in so many of London's human residents. Beginning in mid-February, the gulls begin to drift away to the nesting-grounds, reaching full numbers there by mid-April. The breeding-grounds are varied: among sandhills, on sandbanks or shingle near the sea, on marshes or moors, among vegetation growing in shallow water, or on islands in lakes and meres, often well inland. The areas used are principally the coast of East Anglia, the coasts and inland areas of the northern counties of England and North Wales, with a few small areas in southern England. The return to the non-breeding territories begins in August, but reaches its full from mid-September to October. From April until October, for fully half the year, London is without gulls except for the occasional young ones that have not reached full breeding condition, which can be estimated at not more than 25 per cent. Usually it is well under this figure.

The daily migrations over London are not usually as spectacular as the one described at the beginning. Nevertheless, they are still a conspicuous feature in the morning and evening. During the day the gulls are dispersed, in the parks, along the Thames and other rivers, on the reservoirs, even on large water-tanks belonging to a gas-works; in fact, wherever there is anything that can



ABOUT TO SETTLE DOWN WITH ITS SEVEN-DAYS-OLD CHICK: A BLACK-HEADED GULL WHICH MAY HAVE WINTERED IN LONDON, LEAVING FOR THE NESTING GROUNDS IN THE EARLY SPRING AND RETURNING FROM MID-SEPTEMBER TO OCTOBER. [Photographs by F. Vear.]



ARRANGING HER EGGS IN THE NEST: A BLACK-HEADED GULL ON THE BREEDING GROUNDS WHICH MAY BE FOUND AMONG SANDHILLS, ON SANDBANKS OR SHINGLE NEAR THE SEA, ON MARSHES OR MOORS, AMONG VEGETATION GROWING IN SHALLOW WATER OR ON ISLANDS IN LAKES OR MERES, OFTEN WELL INLAND.

reasonably be described as a body of water. As a result, gulls are a quite noticeable feature of everyday London. They even have their regular beats on golf-courses, playing-fields and the like. Yet when, during April to October, their numbers are reduced by 75 per cent. or more, the diminution in their numbers passes unnoticed by all but the discerning few. What is more surprising, however, is the fact that so many people, on seeing the gulls back in autumn in large numbers, will solemnly and sapiently prophesy stormy weather.

The second point concerns the history of the gulls' arrival in London, and a purely zoological aspect of it. R. S. R. Fitter, in his "London's Natural History," points out that "a succession of severe winters from 1887-88 to 1894-95 led to large numbers of gulls, chiefly black-headed, coming up the Thames as far as Putney. From the latter year onwards, black-headed gulls have been regular visitors to the Inner London stretches of the Thames, and have gradually extended their range away from the river until there

is hardly any part of the Greater London area to-day where these gulls may not be seen in the winter months." The suggestion was advanced some years ago, though I forget by whom, that in the first severe winters it was the fish offal at Billingsgate that first attracted them. Finding scraps of food beyond, they proceeded farther up the river, and the habit quickly acquired by the Londoners of feeding them by hand from the bridges accelerated their progress upstream.

Whether this be true or not, we may be certain that it needed more than hard winters, Billingsgate offal and kind-hearted Londoners on bridges to bring about the present state of affairs. We have to think in terms of ecological niches, a conception familiar to the biologist, but capable of no easy explanation to the non-biologist. Roughly, it is this: that each animal or plant occupies a particular niche in the chain or balance of living things. Exterminate a species and a gap is left, thus upsetting the balance, like taking a wheel out of a clock.

All towns need their scavengers. In the early days they were wild pigs that routed about in the kitchen middens, but by the thirteenth century London had grown to the point where these were an inconvenience, to be killed off. The kite and the raven remained as scavengers and from then until Elizabethan times were actually protected by law. By the eighteenth century, however, they had come to be regarded as killers of poultry and rabbits and were persecuted accordingly. It is not known when the last kites and ravens were driven from London, but Fitter gives a record of a pair of kites that nested in an elm in Hyde Park in 1826, "while in Middlesex they are known to have lingered in the Enfield district till the '40's." A hundred years, or thereabouts, later the gulls came in to fill the niche left by the kite and raven. Unfortunately, although equally good scavengers, gulls—the great black-back apart—do not take rats, as the kite and raven did, except in the form of carrion.

It might well be asked why it took 100 years for the gulls to discover and fill the niche left empty by the disappearance of the kite and raven. Perhaps it needed the trigger of a series of cold winters to set the process going. Or it may be that the better explanation is found in the sentences in Witherby's "Handbook of British Birds": "A great decrease [in the black-headed gull] occurred during nineteenth century, but recovery began before end of century. Number of colonies has more than doubled during last 40 years . . ."

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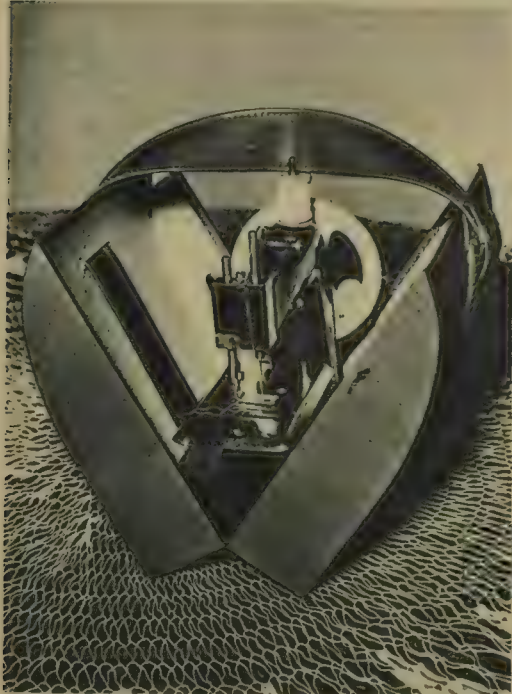




"TRAFFIC COPS" IN THE HONEYMOON CITY: A VENETIAN GONDOLIER RECEIVES A TICKET FROM A WATER POLICEMAN FOR IGNORING A RED LIGHT, UNDER THE CITY'S NEW TRAFFIC REGULATIONS.



THE EARTH TILTS—AT AN ANGLE OF 30 DEGREES—BUT THE GLASS OF WATER REMAINS STEADY: AN IMPRESSIVE EXHIBIT OF THE STEADINESS OF A NEW U.S. AUTO-PILOT IN AN AIRCRAFT MAKING A TURN AT 5000 FT.



"WHERE'ER YOU WALK," YOUR SEWING MACHINE CAN GO: A COMPLETE MINIATURE WORKING MACHINE WHICH FITS INTO A LADY'S MEDIUM-SIZED HAND-BAG—A DEVICE NOW BEING PRODUCED IN GERMANY.



THE IDEAL VEHICLE FOR A MODERN MACHEATH: A "MOTOR ROLLER" PASSENGER TRANSPORT DEVELOPED IN WEST BERLIN. This ingenious development of the motor-cycle has been recently seen on the streets of West Berlin. As can be seen, it carries a driver and two passengers. It has a 120 cu. cm. motor and has a reputed fuel consumption of 83 m.p.g., with a maximum speed of 34 m.p.h.



HOW THICK IS A POUND NOTE? A DEVICE WHICH INSTANTLY GIVES THE ANSWER IN THOUSANDTHS OF AN INCH.

This device—a Miniature Layer Thickness Meter—has been developed by Salford Electrical Instruments, of Salford, Lancs, to measure the thickness of any non-magnetic layer lying on a magnetic base and is, of course, especially valuable for measuring paint on iron or steel.



THE PERFECT ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "HOW DO THE WHEELS GO ROUND?": A TRANSPARENT PLASTIC MOTOR-CAR CHASSIS EXHIBITED AT A U.S. FLOWER SHOW. This fascinating display, produced by the Plymouth Motor Corporation of Detroit, was shown recently at Detroit Flower Show and is aimed to show the function of all the working parts of a Plymouth car. Ultra-violet ray lamps and fluorescent lacquer are used with transparent plastic to produce the result.



A NEW U.S. AMPHIBIOUS MILITARY VEHICLE: A FRONTAL VIEW OF THE CARGO- OR TROOP-CARRYING OTTER, WHICH MOVES ON SNOW, MUD, SOLID GROUND OR WATER. This new U.S. military vehicle, which would seem to be a development of the Weasel, is officially called the T46E1. It is petrol-driven and can maintain a speed of 30 m.p.h. It is exceptionally manoeuvrable and can turn in its own length. It carries its own armament.



# The World of the Theatre.

## A KING AND NO KING.

By J. C. TREWIN.

If there is austerity in the stage design, there is none in the reconstructed and redecorated theatre,

visible, too audible, too full of an unearthly energy."

The Historical Cycle of 1905 covered the plays in the present Stratford programme, with Marlowe's "Edward the Second" as prelude; and the following season brought the trilogy of "Henry the Sixth." Now, after forty-five years, the armoured division moves again. Stratford's new version of the "Week of Kings" is to be built up piece by piece; it will not be completed until "Henry the Fifth" enters the programme at the end of July. (There will be one other play in the season's list, "The Tempest.")

On the first night our attention was fixed on King and warring nobles. The "people of the gutter" are to come. Most of the "Richard" is nobly done. Harry Andrews's Bolingbroke can rule the stage. "Mark, silent king," cries Richard in the Deposition scene as he turns to the figure on the throne. Silent, maybe; but few silences have said more. William Fox sets down Mowbray so truthfully that we regret his early passing. Before now, when Mowbray and the Bishop of Carlisle have been doubled, we have heard, in effect, an actor announcing his own death. In this production, Carlisle is spoken with dignity and strength by Duncan Lamont. Hugh Griffith, whose John of Gaunt glorifies England with the voice of Wales, is, I feel, too vigorously on one note. Finally, Michael Gwynn, who depends upon the line, "prisoner

to the palsy," creates (as Frank Napier once did at the Old Vic) a real character of the fretful and embarrassed York, though it is the kind of experiment that might be fatal: there are early moments when we begin to doubt. In sum, a good, provocative revival. Very much rests upon the king who is no king, the man who is at once the lord and the vassal of grief; and Michael Redgrave's performance is honourable indeed.

"Farewell... I must to Coventry," says old John of Gaunt in the second scene. From Stratford I, too, went to Coventry—to a play by Somerset Maugham, one of our kings of high comedy, with his crown here laid aside. "The Noble Spaniard," which he adapted from the French in 1909, is a gentle frisk about Boulogne in 1830; Michael Aldridge deals



"A WELL-PRESENTED INTIMATE REVUE THAT SEEMS TO TAKE AS ITS MOTTO SHAKESPEARE'S PHRASE 'BRIEF, SHORT, QUICK, SNAP'": "LATE NIGHT EXTRA" AT THE WATERGATE, SHOWING TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD PATRICIA HARTLEY AS A SOUBRETTE SINGING "THANK YOU FOR A LOVELY PARTY."

inventively with the amorous Spaniard of the title, and the members of the Arts Council's Midland Theatre Company, produced by Basil Coleman, deserve the author's thanks for burnishing his work. After that, another little-known Maugham, "Loaves and Fishes" (which dates from 1911), at the New Boltons, appeared to be a satire both cheap and dated. It is acted unevenly, though Julian d'Albie—who has the happiest lines—and Jessica Spencer can help us.

BEAUMONT and Fletcher, those twins of the Jacobean drama, wrote a play called "A King and No King," five words that might stand for Shakespeare's "Richard the Second." Richard, who takes the crown too lightly when he has it—is he not King by divine right, and what can depose him?—lets it go all too easily ("What you will have, I'll give, and willing too"), and then laments his loss. He is more kingly at the close, without his crown, than he was as royal autocrat. We are forced to say, with Pierce of Exton, "As full of valour as of royal blood." It is a puzzle for an actor to reconcile the two halves of Richard, the king and no king, artist in words, incompetent in deeds: Michael Redgrave, who faces the puzzle now at Stratford-upon-Avon, may not solve it entirely, but his attempt is impressive and moving, and the part is spoken always with that clear discernment which is Redgrave's first gift.

When I recall his performance now, after a week, I think of the glittering petulance of the early scenes; the hysterical anger with dying Gaunt; Richard's bored sigh when York speaks as "the last of noble Edward's sons"; the word to the Queen, "Be merry, for our time of stay is short" (which sounds almost like a premonition of the fall); the pride-into-grief of the speeches on the Welsh coast; the helpless yielding to Bolingbroke, which makes that iron



A PLAY BY JEAN COCTEAU IN WHICH HE "CAREFULLY UNRAVELS A VARIETY OF TANGLED PASSIONS AND SCRAWLS HIS FINDINGS IN GREASE-PAINT ON A DRESSING-ROOM MIRROR": "INTIMATE RELATIONS" AT THE ARTS THEATRE CLUB, SHOWING THE CLOSING SCENE. "Intimate Relations," a translation of M. Jean Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles," opened at the Arts Theatre on March 21. Our photograph shows the closing scene with (l. to r.) Yvonne (Fay Compton); George (Ballard Berkeley); Michael (Richard Gale); Madeline (Rosalie Critchley) and Aunt Leo (Mary Hinton).

now glowing in warm crimson, its circle curved to break the former blank side-walls, and the front row downstairs practically touching the stage. There, at last, is the intimacy for which we have pined since the new Shakespeare Memorial was opened on that frigid day in 1932.

At Easter I was wondering what the shade of Frank Benson would have made of it all. Benson was Stratford's sunrise-spirit; Richard the Second was his famous part—C. E. Montague wrote of it in a classic passage of English drama criticism—and the Bensonians, in the old Memorial Theatre, acted the first Historical Cycle just fifty years ago, in 1901. The programme then ran through "King John," "Henry IV., Part II.," "Henry VI., Part II.," and "Richard the Third." This was the season when W. B. Yeats, in a Stratford quieter than it is now, was enchanted by his nights at the theatre in a green riverside garden. "It is one's fault if

one opens a newspaper, for Benson gives us a new play every night, and one need talk of nothing but the play in the inn parlour, under oak beams blackened by time, and showing the mark of the adze that shaped them." And he went on to speak of the Cycle, the chronicles "in their right order, with all the links that bind play to play unbroken. Partly because of a spirit in the place, and partly because of the way play supports play, the theatre moved me as it has never done before. That strange procession of kings, queens, warring nobles, insurgent crowds, courtiers and people of the gutter has been to me almost too

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE PASSING DAY" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Joseph Tomelty's detailed study of a queerly ingratiating miser governs this candid-camera anecdote of Ulster, written by George Shiels, staged by Tyrone Guthrie. (March 20.)

"INTIMATE RELATIONS" (Arts Theatre Club).—Jean Cocteau carefully unravels a variety of tangled passions and scrawls his findings in grease-paint on a dressing-room mirror. Fay Compton leads a bravely-striving cast. (March 21.)

"THE HAPPY FAMILY" (Embassy).—A go-as-you-please affair by Michael Clayton Hutton, about a South Bank family with views on the Festival of Britain. (March 21.)

"RICHARD THE SECOND" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Michael Redgrave's King who comes down "like glistering Phaëton" opens the Historical Cycle in a good, ambitious production by Anthony Quayle. (March 24.)

"THE NOBLE SPANIARD" (Coventry).—The Arts Council's Midland Theatre Company, of which Anthony John is Director, finds an early Maugham comedy and acts it for all it is worth, and more: Basil Coleman produces. (March 26.)

"LOAVES AND FISHES" (New Boltons).—Another early Maugham, thinly satirical. (March 27.)

"LATE NIGHT EXTRA" (Watergate).—A well-presented intimate revue that seems to take as its motto Shakespeare's phrase: "Brief, short, quick, snap." (March 29.)



"IT'S MOVING TO 'R'": AUNT ADA (DANDY NICHOLS) GETS IN TOUCH WITH THE OTHER WORLD IN A SCENE FROM MICHAEL CLAYTON HUTTON'S PLAY "THE HAPPY FAMILY." THIS PLAY, WHICH OPENED AT THE EMBASSY ON MARCH 21 FOR A SHORT RUN, IS DUE TO OPEN IN THE WEST END SHORTLY. THORA HIRD, WHO CAN BE SEEN IN OUR PHOTOGRAPH (IN APRON), PLAYS THE LEADING PART OF LILIAN LORD.

man, Northumberland, curl his lip; and the passion of the looking-glass scene during the Deposition in Westminster Hall. Later on the first night, the Farewell and the Pomfret soliloquy seemed to be curiously drained of pathos—even the line, "Rode he on Barbary?"—but this actor's performances grow during a run: he has many nights in which to add to an already subtle portrait. Much of the blame for a lack of heart in the final applause on Easter Saturday can be ascribed to the absence of that formal "curtain" which in the modern theatre announces "The End" with firm voice.

"Richard" is staged in a permanent setting, by Tanya Moiseiwitsch; a set that corresponds roughly to the frame of a Tudor theatre. There is no curtain. From the moment we arrive, the uncompromisingly plain timber structure is before us, with its gallery, its central doors, and the ample space in front. This will be used in all of the histories, for "Henry the Fourth"—both parts—and "Henry the Fifth" as well as "Richard." It makes for speed: with expertly managed lighting to aid him (here, certainly, Stratford breaks away from the Tudor stage), the producer is spared a variety of headaches. As the cycle progresses it will be proved whether or not we feel any lack of colour, lament the austerity of the permanent frame.



## NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS: A CAMERA RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.



**THE NEW AND THE OLD: A DANISH HELICOPTER TAKING OFF AFTER PICKING UP LETTERS FROM AN 1851 MAIL VAN.** Our photograph shows a helicopter taking off in Copenhagen on April 1 after picking up some 20,000 letters from an old mail van which was used in 1851. The occasion was the centenary of the first Danish stamp issue, and it was the first time that a helicopter had delivered mail in Denmark.



**PLANTING A TWIG OF THE FAMOUS "TREE OF HIPPOCRATES" IN PARIS: PROFESSOR LOVERDOS OF ATHENS.** Professor Loverdos of the Athens University recently planted a twig of the famous "Tree of Hippocrates", at a ceremony in the garden of the Paris Medical School. Hippocrates was born about 460 B.C., on the island of Cos, and came of a family of physicians who claimed to be descended from Asclepius, the physician in Homer.



**HOLIDAYING IN SWITZERLAND: CROWN PRINCE BAUDOUIN AND PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE OF BELGIUM.** Prince Baudouin, the Crown Prince of Belgium, and his sister, Princess Josephine Charlotte, and younger brother, Prince Albert, have been spending a holiday at Zermatt, in Switzerland, where they have been enjoying the winter sports. Our photograph shows Prince Baudouin and his sister climbing a slope of the Matterhorn.



**LEAVING LONDON AIRPORT FOR NICE: THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND PRINCE MICHAEL.** The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael, left London Airport on April 8 in a Viking of the King's Flight, for a holiday on the Riviera. The Royal aircraft was en route to Malta to take Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to Rome.



**LAYING A WREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE MONUMENT IN THE DANISH RESISTANCE FIGHTERS' CEMETERY: FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY IN DENMARK.**

Field Marshal Lord Montgomery recently paid a three-day visit to Denmark, where he had discussions with Danish officers and politicians, and studied military training. During a visit to Kronborg Castle and Marienlyst Lord Montgomery saw the statue of Holger the Dane, who is said to be sleeping in the vaults of Kronborg Castle until the need arises for him to save Denmark.



**VISITING MARIENLYST: FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY SEES THE STATUE OF HOLGER THE DANE, THE LEGENDARY HERO, WHO SITS OVERLOOKING THE SOUND.**



**TRAINING FOR THEIR RACE AGAINST YALE TO-DAY, APRIL 14: THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CREW OUT ON THE HOUSATONIC RIVER.**

The Cambridge University crew which defeated Oxford in the Boat Race arrived at New York by air on April 2. To-day, April 14, they are due to row against Yale on the River Thames in Connecticut. On April 19 they are to race Harvard on the Charles River at Boston.



**AN AUSTRALIAN INFERNO: A BUSH FIRE IN THE HILLS OF THE MORNINGTON PENINSULA, NEAR MELBOURNE, WHICH SWEEPED THROUGH 1200 ACRES OF FOREST AND GRAZING LAND.**

A number of bush fires have recently been reported from various parts of Australia, where there have been high temperatures and strong winds. Our photograph shows a fire near Melbourne, which started in the Red Hill area, and swept through 1200 acres of grazing and forest land.





ABOUT a year ago the telephone rang in the Deanery at York, and an unknown voice asked for explicit directions about finding the Seven Deadly Sins. The Dean replied with imperturbable courtesy and went to considerable trouble in smoothing the way for the enquirer, which proves, if proof were needed, that dignitaries of the Church hold fast to the virtues of faith, hope and charity. The voice was mine, and I had spent an hour in the Minster that afternoon searching for a recently installed French Renaissance window, the subject of which was Adam and Eve being driven from the Garden of Eden, accompanied, as the Dean had written in *The Times*, "by their new-found friends, the Seven Deadly Sins, all beautiful young women"—a window which was once in a Rouen church and then, after extraordinary vicissitudes, had found a no less noble resting-place. But that is another story. It so happened that it was not possible for me to pay a second visit to the Minster the following day, but I did have half an hour or so to spare, and wandered around that most delectable city as most of us do, absorbing its very special atmosphere and gazing at odds and ends of china and furniture in shop-windows.

Now, when you are in York, you inevitably have in mind its beginning as a Roman garrison town; you think of Constantine the Great; of the long centuries during which the great Church was building, with the huddle of narrow medieval streets around it; and you note more than one elegant

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE UNEXPECTED.

By FRANK DAVIS.

East—and so I was taken completely by surprise when, in the window of a second-hand bookshop, a volume of Japanese woodcuts, open at a double-page of flying geese and bamboos bowing in the wind, spoke with gentle authority of a definitely Far Eastern conception of Nature. I can well imagine that if a man with a well-lined pocket goes into a shop and buys a Rembrandt for £15,000 or so, he derives immense pleasure from his purchase. I assert here and now that he cannot obtain greater satisfaction than I did when I went inside and bought this volume

what species is here shown, as I have been rebuked on previous occasions by erudite ornithologists for leading readers astray—whatever they are, this seems to me as authentic a record of fact as if it were a photograph—and how lovingly are the details noted and with what easy mastery are the two pages composed! Who knows better the value of empty space?

The majority of the woodcuts display this quiet, care-free gaiety, but a few are conceived in a different mood—where leaves are flying in the wind and the creatures struggle gamely against the elements. Then there are pages in which the artist mingles his study of foliage and bird-life with a touch of naïve humour, as in Fig. 2. Again, I dare not attempt identification—I only know that birds do look with a quizzical eye just like this at what is clearly the unexpected portion of to-morrow's ration. Nor, now I come to think of it, do I know the plant, with its broad leaves and delicate blossoms. Indeed, as I turn over the pages of the book, I am more and more convicted of abysmal ignorance.

There is room I hope for one more illustration, and I'm on safe ground at last (Fig. 3)—I am sure I know geese when I see them, though I cannot be sure of what sort, and there is surely no doubt about the bamboos. To many eyes this will be the finest of the three, with its broad, summary treatment of the great birds, the intricate pattern of the swaying bamboos, and the water indicated by a few nervous lines. It is a wild, almost harsh interpretation which remains long in the memory. Bamboos, as one sees them in innumerable variations of both Chinese and Japanese art, always exercise upon most of us a peculiar fascination, partly, no doubt, because to the Chinese they



FIG. 1. BIRDS ON BRANCHES AND TUMBLING ABOUT IN THE AIR: A DOUBLE-PAGE JAPANESE WOODCUT FROM A VOLUME DISCUSSED ON THIS PAGE.

In discussing a series of Japanese woodcuts Frank Davis writes: "The Japanese, without apparent effort, identify themselves with what they see to an extraordinary degree—they seem to look at natural objects with the keenest observation and wonderful decorative sensibility." He considers the last-mentioned virtue well illustrated by this double-page of birds on branches and tumbling about in the air.

for fifteen shillings. I am not saying that I acquired anything remarkable, for the subject is as unfashionable as the price, but I got a lot for my money—to be exact, sixty-two singularly charming and subtle colour woodcuts—and I would like to persuade my readers to enjoy them with me, as far as that is possible from two or three reproductions.

There are of course certain rare Japanese woodcuts which are in a class by themselves, and certain honoured names, notably that of Hokusai, before which we all very properly do obeisance. With them I am not concerned at the moment—what I want to do is to point out how high is the standard reached by the successors of these great men, and with what understanding they follow the tradition. I don't know Japanese, but a few weeks later I happened to meet Professor Chen, of the University of California, who was kind enough to inform me that my woodcuts were by a certain Chien Ch'uan (the Chinese form of the name), that the date was the eighteenth year of Meiji (i.e., 1886), and that the book was, in fact, the catalogue of a single collection of paintings. What more delightful than to own a whole series of paintings of birds and flowers and foliage and then to have them interpreted in this way and given to the world in the form of a single volume!

The whole approach of Far Eastern artists to nature in its various forms differs radically from our own. To us, man is the measure of all things—I am speaking generally, of course—we stay outside and look objectively at the world

and as often as not impose our will upon it. The Japanese, without apparent effort, identify themselves with what they see to an extraordinary degree—they seem to look at natural objects, whether landscapes or animals or birds, from the inside, and they combine this with the keenest observation and wonderful decorative sensibility. This last virtue seems to me to be very well illustrated in Fig. 1, a double-page woodcut of birds on branches and tumbling about in the air. I dare not suggest



FIG. 2. A STUDY OF FOLIAGE AND BIRD-LIFE COMPOSED WITH A TOUCH OF NAÏVE HUMOUR: A BIRD—WITH A QUIZZICAL EYE—AN INSECT AND FLOWERING PLANT.

The woodcuts from the volume described in the article on this page are by Chien Ch'uan (the Chinese form of the name) and the date is 1886. This information was supplied by Professor Chen of the University of California.

Georgian façade; the point is that you are very definitely in Western Europe, and the only echo of the East that one hears (apart from Christianity itself) is in the crypt of the Minster, where a most beautiful and much-damaged statue of "The Virgin and Child" exhibits something of the formal line and crisp carving we associate with tenth-century Byzantium. Not that it is Byzantine, but it has that feeling. That, as I have said, is merely an echo—a very faint echo—from the Near



FIG. 3. NOTABLE FOR ITS BROAD SUMMARY TREATMENT OF THE GREAT BIRDS, AND THE INTRICATE PATTERN OF BAMBOOS: GEESSE IN FLIGHT.

This woodcut is "a wild, almost harsh interpretation which remains long in the memory. Bamboos, as one sees them in innumerable variations of both Chinese and Japanese art... exercise... a peculiar fascination..."

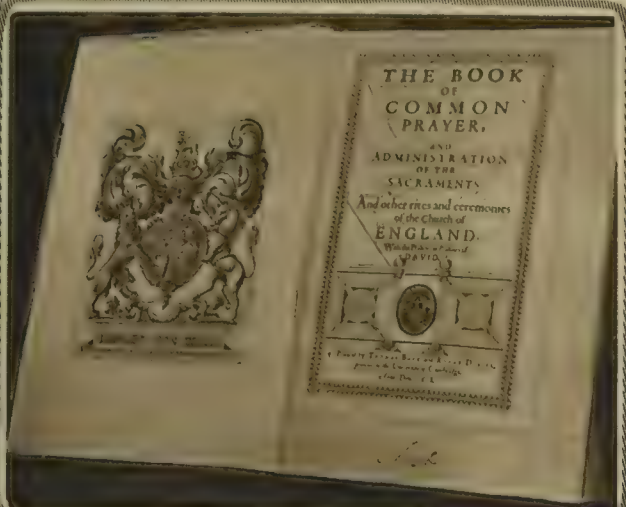
are symbolic—they bend, but do not break—but mainly because their structure lends itself so admirably to delicate strokes of a brush. For generations they have exercised the imagination of educated people and they provide an inexhaustible subject for painters. Each page consists of a single woodcut and is a separate sheet lightly gummed to its neighbour at its outside edge only. The size of the page is 8½ by 12½ ins. I have had a lot of fun for my fifteen shillings.



NOW IN THE ANCIENT GOVERNOR'S  
HOUSE AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE:  
THE ISLE OF WIGHT MUSEUM.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN WORN BY CHARLES I. BEFORE HIS EXECUTION: A NIGHT-CAP AND CRAVAT PRESENTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA.



SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED BY KING CHARLES I. DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT IN CARISBROOKE CASTLE, 1647-48: A BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.



DATING FROM THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY: A CHILD'S PRAM OR PUSH-CHAIR IN THE CARISBROOKE CASTLE MUSEUM.

ON April 3 the Duke of Wellington opened the Carisbrooke Castle Museum in the Governor's House at the Castle. The Museum, which was founded by Princess Beatrice in memory of her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, was formerly very inadequately housed in the Gatehouse. The charm of the Museum now depends as much upon the interest and antiquity of the Governor's House, the use of which has

*(Continued below)*



AN EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ORGAN WHICH BELONGED TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I. THE ORGAN, PROBABLY OF DUTCH ORIGIN, HAS RECENTLY BEEN FULLY REPAIRED.



(ABOVE.) DETAIL OF THE ORGAN, SHOWING THE PIPES AND ELABORATELY CARVED FRONT. IT IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST EXAMPLES OF ORGAN-BUILDING IN THE COUNTRY.



RECOVERED FROM A WELL IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT: A TWELFTH-CENTURY IVORY DRAUGHTSMAN, AN EXHIBIT IN THE CARISBROOKE CASTLE MUSEUM.

*Continued.*  
been granted by the King, as upon the various collections. In its new setting, a mediæval hall converted in Tudor times into a family residence, it will have room to develop as a museum and study centre of local history and archæology for the Isle of Wight as a whole. The house now provides two principal galleries on the ground and first floors respectively which have been used for the display of objects illustrating the pre-history of the island from earliest times to the Roman occupation, and for objects illustrating social life in the island from the Middle Ages to modern times. A room upstairs is devoted to the most dramatic episode in the history of Carisbrooke Castle—the imprisonment there of Charles I. in 1647-48. Perhaps the most remarkable exhibit is a small organ, dated 1602, which was played by Charles I.'s daughter, Princess Elizabeth, when she was imprisoned at Carisbrooke in 1650. With the aid of a grant from the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust it has now become possible to present the exhibits, which provide a continuous and purposeful commentary on man's local development, in spacious surroundings. The display has been the responsibility of the Curator, Mr. J. Bartlett.



FOUND IN VENTNOR HIGH STREET IN ALMOST PERFECT CONDITION: A BEAUTIFULLY-WORKED FLINT TRIBACH, ONE OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL EXHIBITS.



## LONDON—WITHOUT LONDONERS: NEWTON



"EVENING SKY OVER CHURCH STREET": BY ALCONRON NEWTON, R.A. ONE OF HIS PAINTINGS OF LONDON—FOR THE MOST PART WITHOUT HUMAN FIGURES—NOW ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.



(ABOVE.) "TREES AND SKY, HYDE PARK": ONE OF A SERIES OF ALCONRON NEWTON PAINTINGS IN A CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITION.

ALCONRON NEWTON, R.A., has been called "the painter of London during the Two Minutes Silence," because his admirable architectural landscapes of our city—in common with his paintings of great country houses and other buildings—contain, as a rule, few signs of human life. Occasionally, it is true, he introduces a figure or two, a prowling cat or a sedate dog, but, on the whole, he prefers to view the Metropolis as a place of silence and slow time, untroubled by the busy hum of men or the bustle of traffic. The water in the canals which he so often paints is seldom ruffled by any but the lightest breeze, and no rustling zephyr agitates

(Continued opposite.)



"PARIS STREET, LAMBETH": ONE OF NEWTON'S STREET LANDSCAPES IN WHICH A SOLITARY FEMALE FIGURE IS INTRODUCED.

"SUNRISE ON THE CHIMNEY-POTS": A PAINTING OF WHAT WOULD APPEAR AN UNPROMISING SUBJECT WHICH ACHIEVES BEAUTY AND ROMANCE.



"LONDON FROM HAMPSHIRE HEATH": A COMPOSITION WHOSE BREADTH AND CLASSIC ATMOSPHERE OF CALM RECALLS THE SPLENDOR OF CLAUDE. THE VIEW REPRESENTED IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS BOUND LONDON.



"REGENT'S CANAL, BETHNAL GREEN": THE EFFECT OF SILENCE AND LONELINESS IN A BUILT-UP AREA IS CHARACTERISTIC OF ALCONRON NEWTON'S ART.

(Continued.) or the gay Kensington or Hampstead residential quarters, where all seems refined and highly prosperous. He has also frequently found inspiration in the sinister beauty of London canals, and in the spacious pleasantries of her well-timbered parks. The classic nobility of London viewed from Hampstead recalls the landscapes of

## PAINTINGS OF HER MANY ASPECTS.



(ABOVE.) "OCTOBER EVENING, KENSINGTON GARDENS": ONE OF NEWTON'S CHARACTERISTICALLY STILL AND PEACEFUL LANDSCAPES OF LONDON.

(Continued.)

the foliage of the trees in the parks. The notable series of twenty-four paintings of London which Mr. Newton is exhibiting at the Leicester Galleries (where sculpture, paintings and drawings of Mexico by John Skeaping, A.R.A., and pictures by Muriel Pemberton are also on view), include many aspects of our city, both mean and noble, smiling and sinister. The view of St. Paul's Cathedral rising from the fog is splendid, and forms a striking contrast to the mean streets over which a brooding melancholy hangs, represented in other paintings.

(Continued below, left.)

(Left.)

"SUNSHINE IN HAMPSHIRE HEATH."

THE DECORATIVE USE OF THE BRICKWORK RECALLS VAN DER MEYDEN.

(Continued below, left.)

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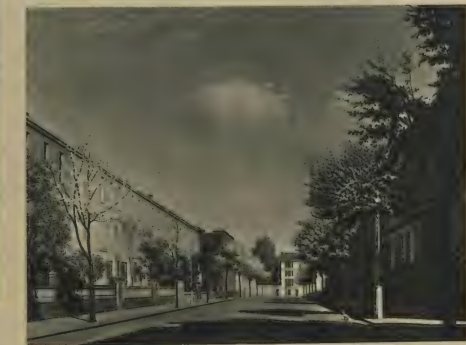
THE DECORATIVE USE OF THE BRICKWORK RECALLS VAN DER MEYDEN.



"STORMY SUNSET ON THE SURREY CANAL": A LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATING THE SINISTER BEAUTY OF MEAN ARCHITECTURE.



"ST. PAUL'S RISING OUT OF THE FOG": A PAINTING WHICH REPRESENTS ONE OF THE NOBLEST AND MOST CELEBRATED ASPECTS OF OUR GREAT CITY.



"A SPRING MORNING IN KENSINGTON": ONE OF ALCONRON NEWTON'S SMILING VIEWS OF A SEAT AND PROSPEROUS RESIDENTIAL QUARTER OF LONDON LAY WITH BOWS OF FLOWERING TREES IN FULL BEAUTY.

"HOUSE BY THE SURREY CANAL": THE PICTURESQUE YET SLIGHTLY SINISTER BEAUTY OF THE LONDON CANALS HAS PROVIDED NEWTON WITH MANY SUBJECTS.

Claude, and though Mr. Newton's interest in the design of brickwork, cobblestones and, indeed, in all architectural detail, has a certain affinity with the Dutch Van der Heyden, yet he is a strongly individual painter. He was born in London in 1880, and was elected A.R.A. in 1936, and R.A. 1943.





"THE TALE OF ANTONIA": THE SATANIC DR. MIRACLE (ROBERT HELPMANN) URGES ANTONIA (ANN AYARS) TO SING, ALTHOUGH HE WELL KNOWS SHE HAS BEEN WARNED THAT THE EFFORT WILL KILL HER.



THE TALE OF OLYMPIA: NIKLAUS (PAMELA BROWN), COCHENILLO (FREDERICK ASHTON), THE DOLL OLYMPIA (MOIRA SHEARER), WHOSE MECHANISM HAS RUN DOWN, AND SPALANZANI (LEONIDE MASSINE): L. TO R.



THE EPILOGUE: STELLA (MOIRA SHEARER) DANCING THE DRAGONFLY BALLET WITH EDMOND AUDRAN TO OFFENBACH'S MUSIC ARRANGED BY BEICHAN.



MOIRA SHEARER AND EDMOND AUDRAN IN THE FIVE-MINUTE'S DRAGONFLY BALLET, BASED ON THE LIFE OF THE DRAGONFLY, WHICH KILLS ITS MATE.



THE DEATH OF THE MALE DRAGONFLY, KILLED BY HIS MATE: THE BALLET DANCED BY MOIRA SHEARER AND EDMOND AUDRAN.



THE TALE OF GIULIETTA: LUDMILLA TCHERINA AS THE VENETIAN WITH DAPERTUTTO (ROBERT HELPMANN). THE BARCAROLLE OCCURS IN THIS ACT.



THE TALE OF GIULIETTA: HOFFMANN (ROBERT ROUNSEVILLE), DAPERTUTTO (ROBERT HELPMANN) AND SCHLEIM (LEONIDE MASSINE) KILLED BY HOFFMANN.

#### OFFENBACH'S FAMOUS OPERA BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN: "TALES OF HOFFMANN" AS A BRITISH FILM TRIUMPH.

The screen version of "Tales of Hoffmann," Offenbach's fantastical light opera, first produced in Paris in 1881, had a brilliant world première at the New York Metropolitan Opera House, and is due for a gala première in London (in aid of the English Opera Group) on April 18 before starting its run at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket. It is a Powell-Pressburger production for London Films, with colour by Technicolor. A new technique of first recording the music and the songs has been used successfully. Thus,

Dorothy Bond is heard singing Olympia's music while Moira Shearer dances the rôle of the mechanical doll, which Hoffmann believes to be a living girl; and Robert Helpmann acts Coppélius, Dapertutto and Dr. Miracle with Bruce Dargavel as his "voice." Hoffmann is, however, both sung and acted by Robert Rounseville, and Antonia by Ann Ayars, but Margherita Grandi sings Giulietta's music, while Ludmilla Tcherina plays the rôle of the courtesan who enslaves Hoffmann in Venice.





IN THE TALE OF ANTONIA: LEONIDE MASSINE AS THE DEAF SERVANT FRANZ WHOSE MISTAKE RESULTS IN DR. MIRACLE BEING ADMITTED TO ANTONIA'S HOME.



IN THE TALE OF GIULIETTA: LEONIDE MASSINE AS SCHLEMIL, GIULIETTA'S LOVER, KILLED IN A DUEL BY HOFFMANN.



IN THE TALE OF OLYMPIA: LEONIDE MASSINE AS SPALANZANI, A PUPPET-MAKER WHOSE MECHANICAL DOLL ENSLAVES HOFFMANN.



MOIRA SHEARER AS STELLA IN THE DRAGONFLY DANCE, THE NOTABLE BALLET TO OFFENBACH MUSIC ARRANGED BY BEECHAM.



OLYMPIA, ONLY A BEAUTIFUL BROKEN DOLL: MOIRA SHEARER, HER HEAD APPARENTLY SEVERED FROM HER BODY.



MOIRA SHEARER, THE FAMOUS SADLER'S WELLS BALLERINA, WITH LINDORF (ROBERT HELPMANN), LEAVING LUTHER'S TAVERN.



THE MAGICIAN DAPERTUTTO, WHOSE MACHINATIONS RESULT IN HOFFMANN KILLING SCHLEMIL IN A DUEL: ROBERT HELPMANN.



THE SATANIC DR. MIRACLE, WHO URGES ANTONIA ON TO SING WHAT HE KNOWS MUST BE HER DEATH SONG: ROBERT HELPMANN.



THE ANCIENT PUPPET-MAKER, DR. COPPELIUS, WHO INVENTS THE DOLL OLYMPIA WHICH HOFFMANN MISTAKES FOR A LIVE GIRL: ROBERT HELPMANN.

#### BALLET STARS AS FAMOUS CHARACTERS OF OFFENBACH'S "TALES OF HOFFMANN" IN A NOTABLE OPERATIC FILM.

The magical effects demanded by Offenbach's opera, "Tales of Hoffmann," create difficulties for stage productions, but the film can present mystery and magic. The screen version of the opera, written, produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger for London Films, with colour by Technicolor, deals skillfully with the supernatural effects, and gives full value to Offenbach's music conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The cast includes ballet stars and stage personalities who (with the exception of Robert

Rounseville and Ann Ayars, who both sing and act) are provided with "voices" to sing their music. Leonide Massine, the dancer, is making his first film appearance since "The Red Shoes." He plays three rôles—Spalanzani, the puppet-maker, Schlemil, the lover of the Venetian courtesan, and Franz, the deaf servant of Antonia. Robert Helpmann is Coppélius, the sorcerer Dapertutto, the satanic Dr. Miracle, and Lindorf. The gala London première of "Tales of Hoffmann" is fixed for April 18 at the Carlton, in aid of the English Opera Group.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

AMONG the great eternal subjects of fiction is, of course, the Quest. It can be treated on all levels, and in every key. The wood beyond the world, the pirates' hoard, the City of God—each is a possible objective. Or they may get mixed up; and each has many different names. But though the Quest goes on, it is exposed to climate, like other subjects. In a more buoyant age, adventure justified itself: "Over the hills and far away" was a rejoicing slogan. It has not lost its charm, but in this age of science and discouragement it has become equivocal. The modern hero of adventure should be trying to "find himself."

"River of the Sun," by James Ramsey Ullman (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is a full-blooded, all-embracing quest-novel. Its goal is somewhere on the upper Amazon: a golden river flowing through an immense tableland, in the uncharted reaches of the jungle—no one knows where. But the narrator Mark has seen it with his own eyes. On the way back, his plane ran out of fuel and his wife was killed; since when he has been vegetating in Manaos, trying to feel nothing. But now the rumoured El Dorado has attracted capital. As an employee of the Southern Cross, which is in quest of oil, Mark has a second chance to find the river—and perhaps a new life.

He sets out with McHugh, the company's official, and an unexpected young woman. Christine is going to join her husband in the jungle: which recalls his own past. And plainly Dr. Barna, too, is a sick soul. He used to be a dedicated scientist, he loved his wife, but something went wrong—in Borneo, when he was hiding from the Japanese; and ever since, he has been fugitive and empty. Yet they all want him. McHugh conceives him as a vital expert, Mark as a kind of double, Christine as the new life itself.

They find him on a mudbank on an upper tributary—but the wrong one. And there they stick. And yet the golden land is close by; Barna could lead them to it, but he won't. He has renounced the world of progress and embraced the jungle, and they can't move him.

It is a rich, luxuriant adventure, in the first place. It is a conflict between progress and humanity, between the claims of "science" and the lives of the poor and primitive. It is the Quest in every shape; for in the unknown land, beyond the legendary Hills of Morning, all would come right for all. To Dr. Barna's Indians, it is the refuge of their "lost tribe." To Dr. Barna it is sanctuary, and to Mark renewal; to others it is oil or gold, the terminus of greed, the grand Bonanza. . . . Mr. Ullman has a subject all right; no wonder it has got away from him. He can do justice to the background, he can state the problems—but he can't work them out; not even on the plane of action, in the long run. But his superb jungle, his gripping though imperfect narrative, are still achievements in their own kind.

And in comparison, "Beyond the Eagle's Rage," by Hugh Popham (Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), strikes one as rather thin and spindly. This time the setting is an Alpine village; and again the hero is a sick soul. Ill-treatment in a German camp has walled him up from mankind; he is morose and savage—and he can't help it. But he is still engaged to Christine. They have been engaged for six years, and now they are on holiday with their relations, just as of old. Because she can't yet bring herself to write him off.

But to be made a public fool of is too much. After his drunken escapade with Lia, the hotel pianist, Christine can stand no more; she rushes off to pack and get the next train. And Randall doesn't interfere. He has no claim on Lia, who is living with a young Swiss named Hans; they only met, and shared a moment of release, as fellow-sufferers.

Then the drama sets in. Christine is turned back by an avalanche; the village is cut off; and four escaping war-criminals come through a blizzard. They knock up Hans—who was a Party member once, though he has kept it dark; they seize on Lia as a hostage, and demand concealment. Which is not possible; Hans does his best, in abject terror, but the truth soon comes out. It is another thing to rescue Lia, and to lay hold of them. But it is Randall's opportunity to "find himself." He has been poisoned by frustrated anger; now it can be worked off. The style is better than the plan. But then, it is a first novel.

"Gentlemen's Country," by Shirley Murrell (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), is about an Essex village in the dark years after the Napoleonic war—years of industrial expansion, tyranny and want. Oliver Poyntrose is the local villain. He grinds the faces of the poor; he owns a factory, where children are employed and whipped; he could perhaps explain the disappearance of his good father. Sir George was always standing up for the oppressed—he was a thorough Jacobin; and suddenly he vanished. That was ten years ago; and now his death can be presumed, and Oliver can pull down the ancestral home and build another mill.

Only he can't—for it is left to his detested brother, as a "sacred trust." And Roland is a very different type; while as for Oliver's young son, he is Sir George over again. Already, at sixteen, he is a leader of revolt and founder of a working boys' club—a kind of secret, elementary trade union. This lively and romantic story has a background which is still better. It is a real picture of the times. The tone is pleasant, and the idiom deserves special praise.

After long sojourn in America, how good it is to meet a good English thriller! And here we have "A Press of Suspects," by Andrew Garve (Collins; 8s. 6d.)—a writer fairly new, but almost in the front rank. His present setting, the office of the *Morning Call*, has less intrinsic charm and virtue than the colony in "No Mask for Murder"; but it is excellent and full of verve. Subject: a Fleet Street underdog with a repressed sense of guilt, going round the bend and dealing cyanide among his "enemies." Suspects unlimited at first, and good excitement all through.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THOUGH much has been heard of the promise of young Jonathan Penrose, whose games have appeared more than once in this column, one Birmingham boy can boast of having won the British Boys' Championship at the age of fifteen, the only time Jonathan Penrose competed. That was in 1949. The system adopted that year narrowly eliminated Jonathan in a preliminary qualifying tournament, and he never met the ultimate victor. It was taken for granted that a bad system had produced a dubious result. Penrose was still regarded as a class above all his fellow-competitors, and his successes against such masters as Tartakover, Bogolyubov and Rossolimo since have enhanced his reputation, but many are beginning to wonder whether we were quite just in 1949.

The new champion's name was Malcolm Barker. Questioned after his success, he confessed that, though he had beaten his own elder brother for a place in his school team, he was only playing at fourth board. That school was King Edward's, Birmingham, which, two decades ago, produced C. H. O'D. Alexander.

Malcolm Barker is slightly built but wiry and athletic. He plays for his school at tennis and is so little obsessed by chess that he drops it entirely for months each summer.

Economy of effort seems to be his forte. In minor events he infuriates colleagues and organisers by his casualness. Prior to last year's Boys' Championship, in a Boys' International Tournament at Birmingham, he made no secret of the fact that he regarded this as a mere preliminary canter, and finished in a tie for twelfth and thirteenth places out of twenty. But going on to Hastings a few days later, he left the rest of the field well behind in retaining his Boys' Championship for a second year.

In the tournament held this Easter, to decide who shall represent England in the forthcoming 18-nation Junior World Championship (the first ever held), he was again out to win—and won! The field included a London boy champion and ex-champion, one boy who had played in the adult British Championship and several others of exceptional chess experience for their age.

So whilst Jonathan Penrose has entered freely into senior events, and scored a few dazzling individual victories, Barker has concentrated on junior events and made a habit of topping the lists. Which is the better method? Opinions will differ. Nobody would deny that to finish top is a good habit to acquire!

Here are two of his wins in the Junior World Championship—Qualifying—Tourney:

BARKER	HARRIS	BARKER	HARRIS
1. P-K4	P-QB4	12. B-K3	K-B2
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	13. B-R4	P-QR3
3. P-Q4	P×P	14. Castles (Q)	B-Kt5
4. Kt×P	Kt-KB3	15. R-Q2	B-B6
5. Kt-QB3	P-Q3	16. R-K1	KR-Q1
6. P-KKt3	P-KKt3	17. R×R	R×R
7. B-Kt2	B-Kt2	18. B-Q2	Kt-Kt5
8. Kt×Kt	P×Kt	19. P-KR3	Kt×P
9. P-K5	P×P	20. R-B1	Kt-K5
10. Q×Qch	K×Q	21. Kt×Kt	Resigns
11. B×P	QR-Kt1		

P. Harris played in the last British Championship! 21. . . . B×Kt; 22. B-R5ch, K-B1; 23. B×R followed by 24. R×P, leaves him quite lost.

BARKER	MARSHALL	BARKER	MARSHALL
1. P-K4	P-K4	9. QKt-Q2	Kt-R4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	10. Q-B2	Kt-K2?
3. B-B4	B-B4	11. B×Pch	K×B
4. P-Kt4	B×KtP	12. P-K6ch	K×P
5. P-B3	B-R4	13. Kt-Kt5ch	K-B3
6. P-Q4	P-Q3	14. P-K5ch	P×P
7. Q-Kt3	Q-Q2	15. QKt-K4ch	K-Kt3
8. P×P	B-Kt3	16. Kt-B3	Resigns

The threat to win the queen in two different ways is unanswerable.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## LABORATORY TO PRESS-BOX.

PASTEUR, like Tennyson's Milton, is "a name to resound for ages." There can hardly be again a scientist who can do more to benefit his fellow human beings—unless it be the man who will one day discover the origin of and cure for cancer. Even the great scientists of our own day in the field of anti-biotics may live to see their discoveries minimised by the irritating habit—of which there are already signs among the hardier germs—of nature redressing her own balance. But Pasteur was so many-sided in the conferring of benefits on mankind that, as I say, there can hardly again be a scientist like him. Round his name—it is not surprising—there has grown up in his native France a vast Pasteur legend. As Dr. René Dubos, in "Louis Pasteur: Free Lance of Science" (Gollancz; 18s.), shows, however, there are dangers of distortion when a living man is translated into the marble of monumental masonry. Good wine needs no bush and this sympathetic and clear-eyed biography—for Dr. Dubos is no blind hero-worshipper—is a book that Pasteur himself, who hated shams, would have approved. Pasteur, for all his insistence on work, his utter concentration, his infrequent holidays, was a very human man with human faults. He was the son of a Napoleonic sergeant who had settled down to run a tannery, first at Dôle and then at Arbois. There was little to distinguish him from his fellows as a school-boy except a gift for painting to which we owe the likenesses of his parents and sisters, to whom he was devoted. Family life—and this was continued in his intensely happy married life—together with a very limited circle of friends, was enough for his emotional requirements. He was lucky in attracting the attention of the great scientist Dumas, and of Biot, the latter loving him like a son, but the rest he owed entirely to himself. He encountered much opposition which was heightened by his aggressiveness and by the fact that, if he thought a man was an ass and his theories disproved, he told him so, and in public. Unmoved by opposition, he plugged steadily on the road to his great discoveries, which are now the commonplaces of medical science; that infectious diseases are caused by bacteria and other living microbes; the treatment and cure of anthrax, cholera and rabies; the foundations of modern public health; the pasteurisation of milk and other liquids and modern methods of preserving foods. Few experiments in modern science can have been more dramatic than the first successful treatment of the boys Meister and Jupille for rabies. But even here Pasteur encountered opposition, his enemies claiming that a bite from a rabid animal did not inevitably cause rabies. However, he survived all storms to become the supreme G.O.M. of science, drowsing away the last weeks of his life under the chestnuts of Villeneuve l'Etang and dying the good Christian which he always had been, one hand in that of his wife, the other holding a crucifix.

Although in his work in detecting the causes of the contamination of beer—work he carried out in English breweries—Pasteur was only interested in producing a *bière de la revanche* which should rival the Bier of the hated and victorious Prussians, and could detect no subtleties of taste, it was otherwise in his work on the diseases of wine. He came from a wine-growing country, and the work which he did in his wine laboratory, originally set up in the bar-room of an inn in Burgundy, was a labour of love very near his heart. M. André Simon, whose "The Art of Good Living" (Joseph; 12s. 6d.) is the latest of his delightful crusading works to raise the standard of taste in modern barbery, would have approved of Pasteur, the wine-lover, though I doubt whether he would have been as completely convinced as the Mayor of Volnay as to the superior keeping qualities of heated wines over unheated. This is a splendid little book, a book, as Sir Francis Meynell says in the foreword, "to shape a habit of mind . . . It is for the eater, the savourer, not for the maker of meals." (Though I think Sir Francis is wrong here; many a cook would profit from it.) It has wit. It also has courage. It takes a brave man in these days of rampant Scottish nationalism to dismiss haggis with the curt words: "A mess."

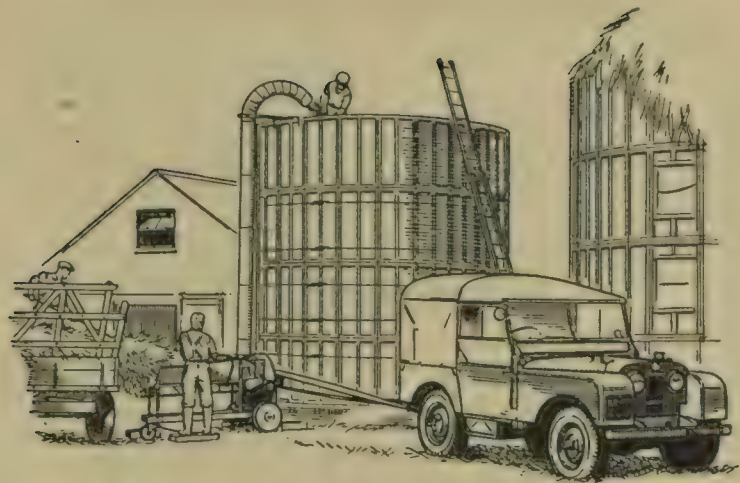
From the laboratory and the table to the life spartan and austere. "The Hunt for the Buru," by Ralph Izzard (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.), is the most unusual adventure story. Chance and the enthusiasm of a district officer on the Assam frontier led Mr. Izzard, a newspaper correspondent, to indulge in an arduous two-man expedition to find the "buru," a large aquatic beast unlike anything now known to exist but a possible survivor from pre-history. They did not find the buru but they found evidence that "something" had existed within living memory in the swamps of this area, hitherto unvisited by white men. I think, indeed, that were Mr. Izzard given half a chance, he would once more brave the leeches and dim-dams and try a cast still farther afield. A most entertaining and interesting book.

As Mr. Izzard says, much of the country through which he passed was virtually unknown before the last war, but was opened up willy-nilly during the fighting against Japan. "Time remembered is grief forgotten," and it is only in the restraint of their telling that the appalling difficulties of those campaigns are brought out in "Ball of Fire," by Antony Brett-James (Gale and Polden; 25s.). This is the story of the Fifth Indian Division, whose emblem the ball of fire was. It is a worthy memorial to the fine troops who were almost alone in fighting all three of our late enemies—and an unpleasant reminder that if there is a "next time" we may be without the gallant and devoted help of two million first-class fighting men.

To end on a less sombre note. "From the Boundary," by Ray Robinson (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is one of the pleasanter books on first-class cricket. Mr. Robinson is a well-known Australian sports-writer, and this agreeably written book will give pleasure to all "Wisden" fans. Incidentally, Mr. Robinson has made a wonderful collection of first-class photographs with which to illustrate it.

E. D. O'BRIEN.





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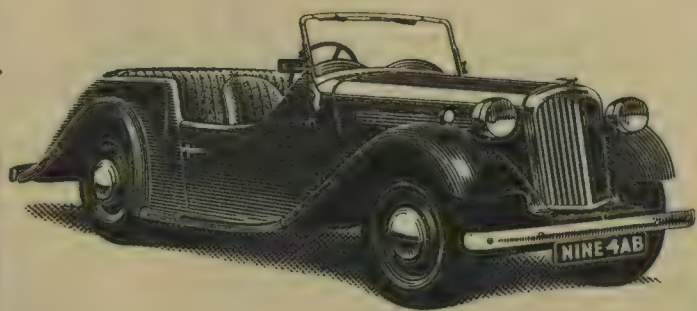
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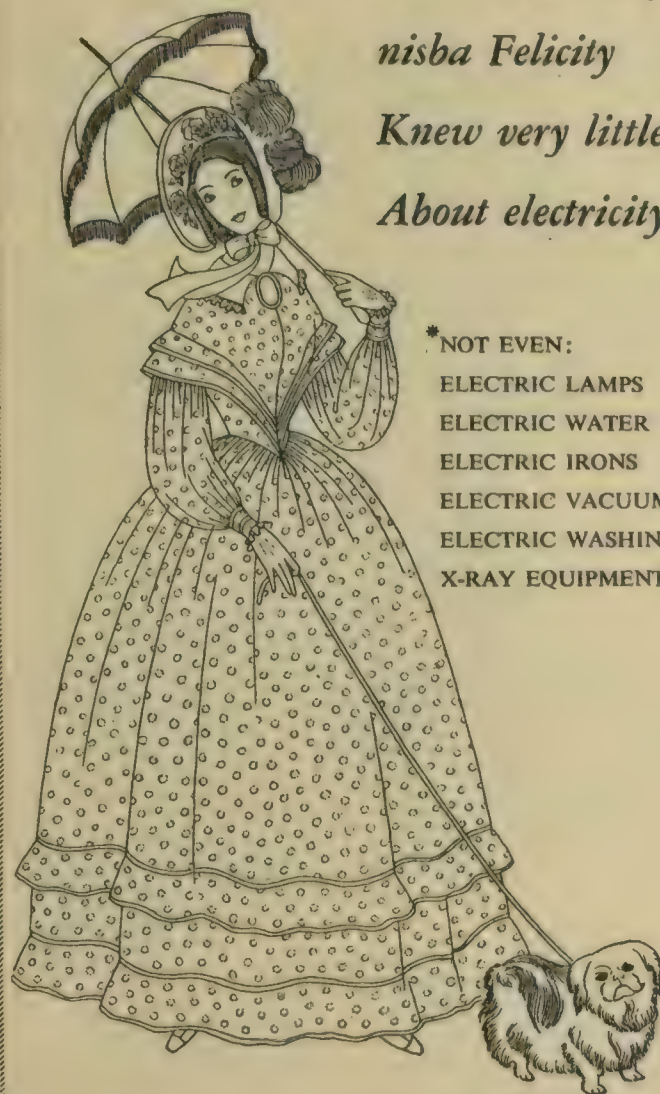


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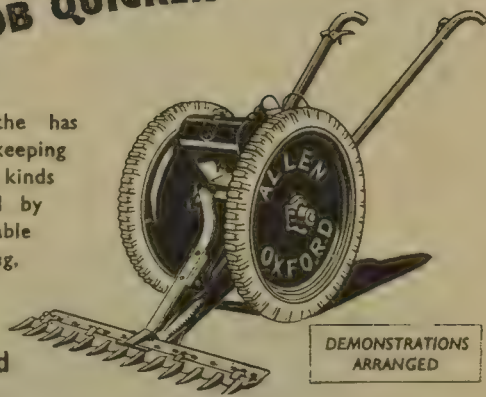
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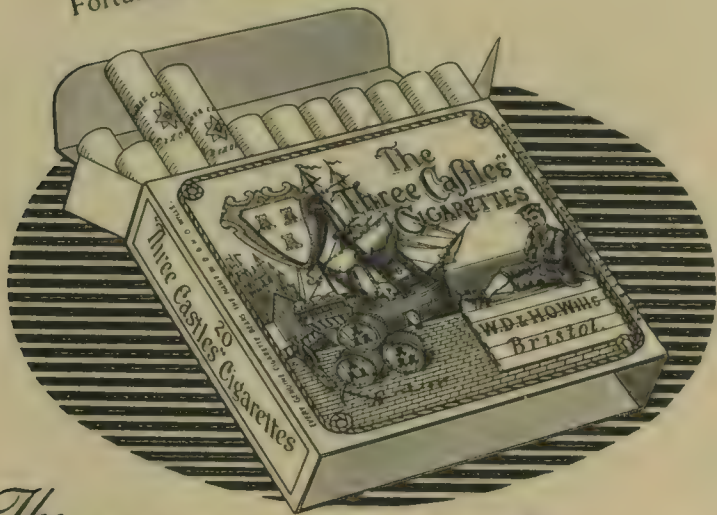






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Brightest, Toughest  
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Car-Plate is a wax—only wax gives  
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Now, with Johnson's Car-Plate, you can  
give your car a genuine wax finish, the  
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month! Get a tin today—5/- from all  
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satisfied.



**JOHNSON'S CAR-PLATE**

**SPREAD...LET DRY...WIPE!**

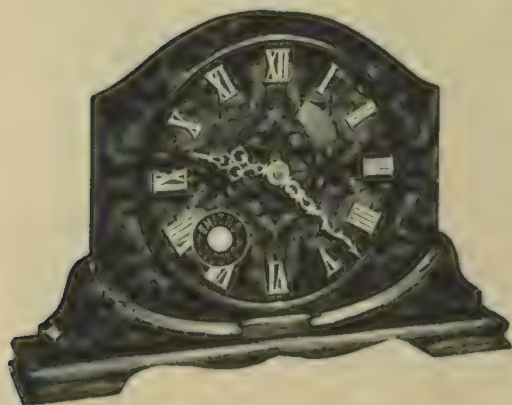
**IMPORTANT: CAR-PLATE is a WAX—not a cleaner**

Before waxing with Car-Plate—clean with Johnson's Carnu.

**MADE BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX**



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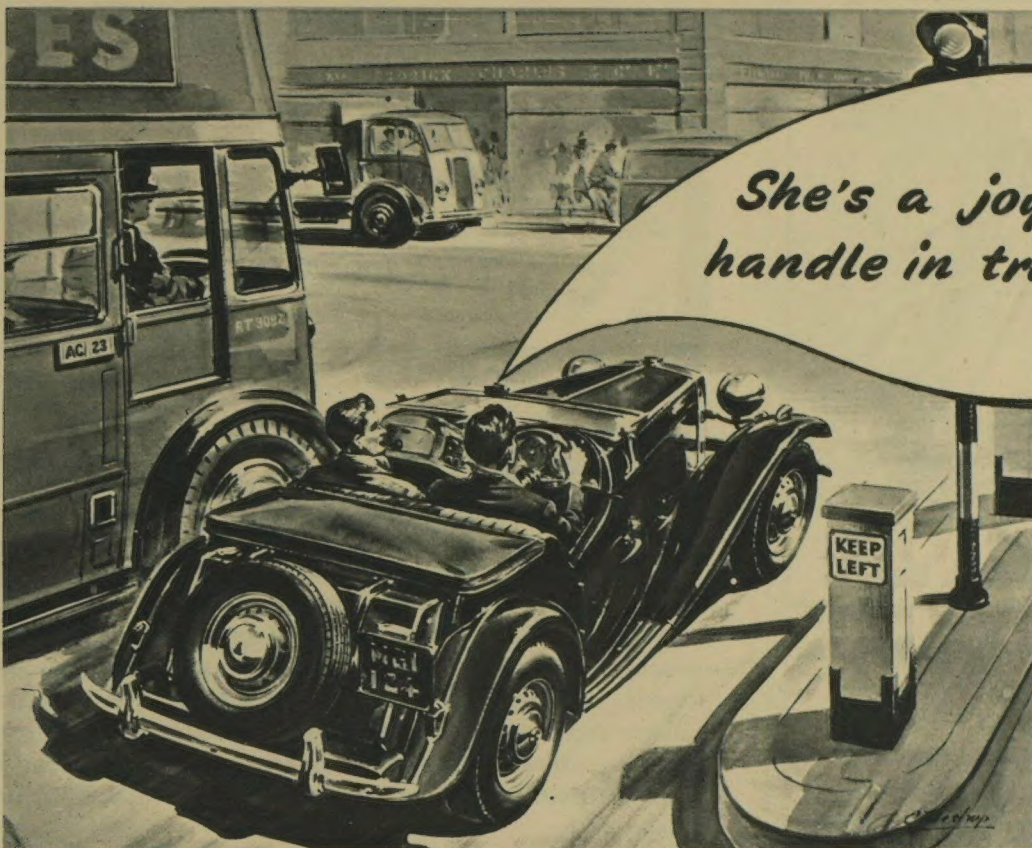


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*Safety fast!*

62

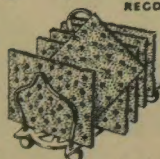
*A wheatfield on your table?*



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**Vita-Weat**

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Delicious, crunchy Vita-Weat adds a new zest to every meal. The compressed essence of the whole sun-ripened wheat grain is in every slice. See how the children enjoy it—a healthy snack, ready in a moment.

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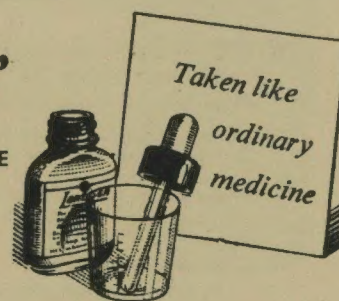
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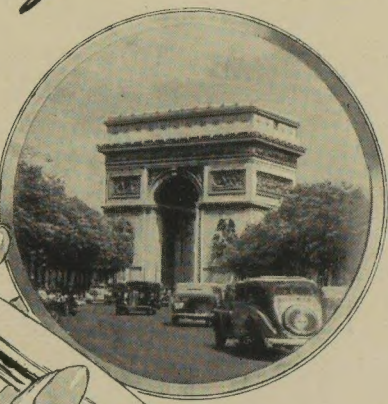
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**a 'VICHY'—**

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**bright**

**next morning!**



Vichy's pleasant tang refreshes the palate as well as counteracting over-acidity. It is highly recommended as the last drink of the evening.

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CELESTINS**

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SPA WATER

Bottled as it flows from the spring



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INGRAM & ROYLE LTD., 50 MANCHESTER STREET, LONDON W.1.



## A GUIDE TO SCHWEPPSHIRE (p. 76)

## NATURAL HISTORY



THE LITTLE STINK (Odor odor). Professor Fowler, with his class, secretly examines actual nest.

# Schwepping Forest

Schwepping Forest is of course the last remains of the natural forest which only five thousand years ago — yesterday afternoon in terms of geological schweppochs — surrounded the teeming suburbs of Cirenschwepster.

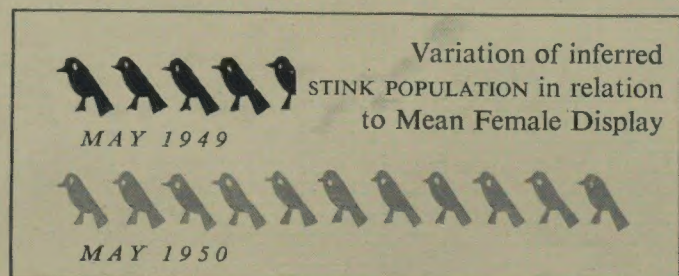
Every tree has its history. It was underneath this ancient acacia that the news was received for the forty-seventh time of the landing of the Danes by Ethelred the UnSchweppe.

The soil of Schwepping Forest is soil, lying above the sub-soil beneath which is the soil beneath the sub-soil. In geological section, it is seen that if you go fairly far down there are layers of rock — a layer on top with other layers beneath them.

Through glades once trodden by squires in the

knightly dance, ornithologists like Professor James ("Beau") Fowler now wander, and he has recently recorded (annals *Zool: Stud: Vol.: CCCCCCX*) that account of the Little or Bulgarian Stink which shows these birds proved to have bred 53 in May 1950, 784 in May 1951. Does this point to a new Stink migration?

Written by Stephen Potter  
Drawn by Lewitt-Him



SCHWEPPER VESCE NCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH